The Image of Irelande,

with a discoverie of VVoodkarne, wherin is moste liuely expressed, the Nature, and qualitie of the saied wilde Irishe Woodkarne, their notable apteness, readinesse, and promptnesse to Rebellion, and by waie of argumente is manifestlie proued their originall, and offspring, their descent and pedegree: Also their habite and apparell, to the verie life plainly showne. The execrable life, and miserable death of Rorie Roge, that famous Archetraitour to God and the Crowne (other wise called Rorie Oge) is likewise discribed. Lastlie the comming in of Tirlaghe Leonaghe the greate Oneale of Irelande, with the effecte of his submission, to the right honourable Sir Henry Sidney (Lorde Deputie of the saied Iland) is thereto adioyned. Made and drawen by Iho. Derricke, Anno 1578. and nowe published and set forthe by the saied authour this present yere of our Lorde 1581. for pleasure and delight of the well disposed reader.

Imprinted at London by Thon Daie.

1581.

MVSEVM
BRITANN
NICVM

¶ To the right worshipfull Maister *Phillip Sidney Esquire, Soonne and heire to the* right honourable sir *Henry Sidney*, knight of the moste noble order of the Garter, Lorde President of Wales, and Marches of the same, Lorde deputie generall of her highnesse realme in Irelande, and one of her Maiesties moste honourable priuie Counsell in Englande, *Thon Derricke* wisheth perfecte felicitie in Christe, AMEN.

Considering with my self (right worshipfull) that it is not onely sufficiente for menne towardes their benefactors, to beare an inward affection, and mindegratulatorie for benefites receiued, but also, that some outward and externall token, of necessitie bee thereto adioyned, liuely to expresse outwardly, the secrete affectes of the same, though notwithstandyng inwarde good will, bee suche an excellent vertue, as who so euer hath it, stãdes partly in securitie, but who soeuer hath and expresseth it, to hym is all th ng made sure: Euen so, and for becausse I haue euer

studied, and imployed my diligence, to flee vnthankefulnesse, that notable vice detested of God and man, and to imbrace gratefulnesse, that heauenly Sacrifice, approued of God, manifestyng it to the whole worlde, in discharge of my duetie towardes my Lorde your father, whom for many respectes, vnfainedly I honour, and in hym to your worship as a pattrē of all benignitie, proceding from so honorable a kindrede, with all semely reuerence I worship, I saie with all humilitie, sinceritie, and integritie of mynde, as a notable argument of my vnfained good will, these my labours beyng the fruites of my trauell, I humblie doe offer, assuryng my self of your fauorable coūtenaunce therein, to whose protection I am so muche the more bolder to commēde them, by how muche I vnderstande your excellent Nature towardes all laudable exercises. And though (peraduenture) some will impute me arrogante, and passyng presumptuous in attemptyng the same: Hauyng respect but onely to the naked partes of the outward gifte and giuer, not waiyng the inward motion of the mynde, whereof the outward accions spryng, nor yet sufficiently ponderyng, that as it is impossible, for fire to be without heate

or the Sunne without brightneſſe, no more can the good meanyng of the good bee for euer repreſſed, but that at the laſte it burſteth forthe & is made manifeſte, ſhewyng it ſelf openly muche like the flames of fire, after a thicke and ſmouldryng ſmoke: not yet diligently conſideryng, like wiſe and cunnyng Carpenters, that by how muche the weaker a houſe and buildyng is, by ſo muche the ſtronger ought the poſtes and pillers to bee, (I ſaie) thei hauyng regard to none of theſe thynges, or at the leaſte not fullie conſideryng theim, neither remembryng how commendable a thyng it is, for euery creature to yeelde his fruite ſimplye in his naturall kinde, without colouryng or diſſimulation, bee it little ormuche, but rather caſtynge their eyes like ſenceleſſe beaſtes downe to the grounde, chauntyng vppon the outwarde Elementes, damnyng, and condemnyng thoſe externall actions, ſignes, and tokens, and as vaine, friuolous, and of no effect, yet notwithſtandyng this maie not diſcomfort me in that whiche I haue here determined, but that (maugree their beardes) my good will muſte appeare, giuyng them to vnderſtande, that it is as poſſible for them, to put the whole ſeas, into a lea-

ther Bottle, and to driue all the VVoodkarne of Irelande, into one Shepheardes bagge, or Satchell, as it is to driue me from my pretended purpose, because I knowe it consisteth in your worshippes free choise, and libertie, to make bothe the gifte, and giuer, seeme sufficient worthie, &c. Thus beyng emboldened through fame of your courtesie, with hope of remission for this my temeritie, I duetifullie ende, besechyng God to preserue your worship, in good health, and long life, with muche encrease of worship, and honour, &c. At Dublin her Maiesties cheef Citie in Irelande, xvj. of June. M. D. LXXVIII.

Your worshippes moste humble
Jhon Derricke.

¶ To the right honourable and my verie good Lordes, the Lordes of her Maiestyes realme of Irelande, and to all other in generall of the saied lande, beyng louers of vertue, and imbracers of ciuilitie: grace bee multiplied, and peace euerlastyng.

IT maie be thought (right honourable) and likewise be imagined of some, who peraduenture) readyng this my little treatise, of the Image of Irelande, with a conscience corrupted, to bee a thyng deuised and sette forthe, in reproche of all the Nobilitie, and others, borne within this Realme of Irelande, as though the partie, ment nothyng els but a meere contempte of so many Noble, and worshipfull personages, and that this title of Woodkarne, should be but a couert, to shroude hym from suspition of the former allegation: Truth is my very good Lordes, if credite maie bee giuen to the artificer, simply as he meaneth, the substaunce is all one, (the matter I meane) to the verie Title, of that whiche is here called Woodkarne, who dissalowyng their karnishe maners, affirme their dissolute life, and inordinate liuyng, better to pertaine vnto Infidelles, and

and Heathen, then for those whiche in any respecte professe the name of Christe. (and what Christians thei bee, right honourable iudge ye) wherefore bee ye not then offended, O ye freendes of vertue, and imbracers of ciuilitie, that I should so sore lothe, or enuaigh their farre vnseemely maners, settyng out in liuely protractours, in contempnyng the same, bothe their shape, and execrable actions, for (in verie troth) my harte abhorreth their dealynges, and my soule dooeth detest their wilde shamrocke maners, yea so muche the rather, because there is no societie, or fellowshipp betweene God, and the Deuill, little amitie betweene the Wolfe and the Lambe: like good will, betweene a Rebell, and a faithfull Subiect. Now for as muche then, as thinges with their cõtraries agree not, I moste humblie beseche your courteties, not to deeme the reprehension of these wilde wantõ Woodkarne, to bee spoken of all menne in generall, whiche is here ment but of some, of those I saie, that are Rebelles to our (Queene) enemies to peace, and disturbers of the common wealthe, as for your (Honours) in good tyme bee it spoken, and voide of flatterie recited, who knoweth not, what festination by your Lordshipps hath been vsed, what godlie care taken, what meanes practised, what pollicie shewed, and diligence bestowed at all tymes (as occasiõ serued) to seruc, accompanied either with the Lorde Deputie, or by your Lordshipps alone, against

those

those whom I haue here tearmed by the name of Woodkarne bestowyng not onely your trauelles, adioyned with greate charges, but also ventred your liues in aduauncyng her Maiesties honor, shewyng thereby, bothe a constant faithe, a perfecte fidelitie, to her royall Croune, conflictyng by force of maine batteil, many of these monsters, beeyng sworne enemies to her noble grace, the attempte whereof was laudable, and the action meritorious, before GOD and man. This I truste maie suffice (right honourable) your noble wisedomes, to withdraw all sinister suspicions from your suppliant, and his booke, giuyng full credite, my purposed intent is not, neither yet euer was, to blemishe any mannes renowne, (beeyng approued seruitours to her moste noble and dreadfull scepter) whose continuaunce, I praie GOD, maie bee long and ioyfull, peaceable as the daies of Salomon, copyng with the long yeres of Nestor, to gouerne vs her people, with an admirable regimente, and ouer her foes, triumphantly to raigne. *Amen.* God blesse your honours, with all maner of spirituall, and yearthly biessyngs, the fauour, and loue of God and manne, muche honour in your countrie: and to conclude, life euerlastyng &c.

Your honours moste humble
Jhon Derricke.

¶ To the good and gentle Reader in *all places whereſoeuer, but eſpecially, to* my louing countrimen of Englande, hartie ſalutations, and greetyng euer.

Diuers were the cauſes (good Reader) that moued me firſt to take in hande, the caruyng forthe of this Image, and laſtly to commende it to thy gentle deuotion, hoping, that as with no ſmall labour, and trauel I haue finiſhte, and brought it to this perfection, and with no leſſe willyng conſent, and ſingle mynde haue made it ſeruiceable at thy good pleaſure to vſe, ſo likewiſe on thy part, thou wilte freendly accept the ſame, entertainyng it as a ſtraunger, or meſſenger come from a farre Countrey, ſimplie to repoꝛt, and deliuer vnto thee, the ſtate and condition of his ſaied Countremen the Woodkarne, without any imparyng of their credites, the moꝛe notable members of the ſame, who differyng from theim, in their ruſticall rudeneſſe, doe agree wholie with vs, in all laudable diſciplyne. Touchyng whiche cauſes, though thei bee many, and as I ſaied before diuerſe, twoo yet eſpecially, I thought good to ſignifie, whereof, the one came of a duetifull affection, and vnfained good will (dꝛawne of long continuaunce through graces receiued) towardes his perſone, whiche vndoubtedly I honoꝛ, and the other of a bounden duetie, (though loue inſeparable) towardes my native Countrey: Of whiche twoo, though either of them were ſufficient to moue any man (if he were not a forgetfull perſone) to like indeuer, yet ſeeyng thei are variable, and eche of them ſo laudable, I might in nowiſe ſlacken my pretended purpoſe,

purpose, but shewe my hartie good will, bothe to freende and countrie. If you therefore (my beloued countrimen) for whose sakes (as I saied before partely I framed it, and for whose greater delight, I haue clothed it with varietie, shall deeme it worthie of your custodie, or receiue thereby any profitable pleasure, I obtaine not onely my expectation, touchyng suche courtesie, but also full recompence, of all my whole charges, (who doubtlesse accoumpte theim nothyng, to pleasure either partie). And if (by waie of digression) some peraduenture (whose iudgementes are parciall in other mennes labours) shall cauill at this my impryinted Image, or impugne the thinges therein contained (as reportyng matters of vntrouthe) especially the third leafe of this discouered Woodkarne, affirmyng no suche rudenesse, in these our daies to bee practised with the rudeste of that moste barbarous Nation, to suche I replie (crauyng their pacience) saiyng, that it is not our Englishe Pale, whiche in any respecte I haue touched, nor yet those of the Southe, whom I haue impeched, nor yet of the Weste, whom I haue nipped, but a people out of the Northe, whose vsages I beholde after the fashon there sette doune, and those are thei whom I haue detected, shadowyng notwithstandyng parte of their maners with flowres of that Countrey, and leaste peraduenture ye might muse whom I meante, I will not be curious in dischargyng my conscience, lettyng you vnderstande, that thei are a people sprong from Macke Swine, a barbarous offspring, come from that Nation, whiche maie bee perceiued by their Hoggishe fashion: So as my beloued countrimen, and well beposed Reader, if wilfulnesse blinde not the sightes of your iudgementes) it manifestly appeareth, and maie easely bee coniectured, that it is not againste any one good member of this Common wealthe of Irelande, that I haue made my discouerie, but onely againste the pernicious Vipers of the saied lande, whiche thing I wish hartely eche one to beleue, and credite, knowyng (for example sake) that warre is not waged, against the Queenes freendes, not yet a battell fought, saue onely against her enemies, which

To the Reader.

if you so credite, and therewithall accepte of my trauelles, (whiche do represent my vnfained good will) I leaue not this simplie as a pledge of a further beneuolence with you, but therewithall doe paune euen my credite, for accomplishyng my promesse, till whiche tyme farewell as your hartes can desire.

Yours as his owne Ihon Derricke.

The first parte of the Image of Irelande.

THe *heauenly God puissant Prince,
the eternall kyng of grace:
The lorde which rules both heauen
with his Imperiall mace. (& yearth,
Whiche caused first the cristall Skies,
in liuely formes appeare,
And by the course of glistryng *Pheabe*,
deuided eke the yeare.
Whiche did the lothsome *Chaos* part,
and separate a sonder:
And plaste the yearth aboue the Seale,
for mortall men to wonder.
Whiche gaue commaundement to the same,
in Natures perfect kinde.
To multiply and yelde the increase,
to those that came behinde:
(Whiche was to man as then not made,
a famous creature sure:)
Of all the woorkes of mightie *Ioue*,
(renowmed rare and pure:)
Whiche gaue hym reason from aboue,
his will to vnderstande:
Upholdyng heauen and yearth likewise,
with his moste holie hande.
Whiche did reduce from bale to blisse,
the wretched state of man:

* The author in this his firste beginnyng, sheweth that GOD was the onely cause, whiche moued hym to write and set out this his woorkes, helpyng and fauourably supportyng hym in the same, who beyng otherwise insufficient, and not able of hym selfe to doe the same, but by the goodnesse and furtheraunce of God, yeldeth to hym due honor therefore.

And in exchange the sacred heauens,
allotted to hym than.
(Not for the good desartes he sawe,
in mortall flesbe to be:
But meerly of his owne accorde,
that grace extenden he.)
Whiche made the seate of Brittishe kynges,
with honour to abounde:
And eke their iuste deserued fame,
through glom'ryng worlde to sounde.
Suppressyng all their mortall foes,
that vp against them rose:
And by the force of bloodie blade,
afflicted euer those.
This sondrie Lands can testifie,
as stories witnesse yeeld:
And wee the fruite thereof doe reape,
as from a fartile feeld.
Whiche to relate in this discourse,
I deme it not amisse:
Because I iudge the same to shewe,
a pleasant storie is.
And to beginne with *Marses* knight,
that mightie man of of warre:
Whose fame might not suffice the worlde,
but peerst the highest Starre.
Who now though shrowded in the yearth,
with bodie tourned to claye:
Yet euer liuyng with the iuste,
and shall from daie to daie.
Who neuer made his backe retourne,

once

* Forraine Princes, Nations and Countries, can witnesse of the honourable estate and Royaltie of the kynges of Englande since the tyme it was enhabited.

Probations.

» Prince Arthure is here brought forth as an vnreprobable testes (beyng as it wer) a moste famous Riuer that watereth the face of ỹ whole earth, with the streames of his immortall fame and renowne.

once enterde in the feeld:
Till he had made the stoutest foes,
their stately Scepters yeeld.
And wrought by Marciall force of armes,
their honour to the duste:
By pluckyng doune their cheefest staies,
whereon their hope did truste,
Prince Arthure is that noble kyng,
whose fame and greate reporte:
Stirde vp the Nobles of the worlde,
to seeke vnto his Courte.
This is the Prince whose courage stout,
his credite did aduaunce:
This is the man that raignde as kyng,
in Britaine and in Fraunce.
This is the knight whose bloodie blade,
obtained *Cæsars* Croune:
This is the man that wrought at laste,
the haughtie Romanes doune.
This is that thrice renowmed knight,
whom stories doe commende:
This is the Prince whose fame and name,
Dame honour doeth defende.
Thus here of this victorious knight,
I make a finall ende:
And to the kyngs of like renowne,
in later yeres descende.
Wherefore attentiue Lordyngs bee,
your listnyng eares to fill:
For breefly of them will I speake,
accordyng to my skill.

*The honour of king Arthure his Actes, manhode, conquestes Magnanimitie, Chiualrie, and what els, in chronicles are sufficiently set out, to the greate comforte and consolatiō of all Britishe and Englishe mennes hartes.

And as with Arthure I beganne,
so will I here proceade:
*To write of Henries noble name,
the seconde as I reade.
To shewe his magnanimitie,
in wightynge comprehended,
And other graces specially,
in Chronicles remembred.
For he it is whiche mightily,
augments our Countries fame:
And in his tyme moste roially,
defended eke thesame.
He is that seconde Salomon,
as writynges doe impoarte,
Whiche filde all corners of the worlde,
with fame of his reporte.
Whiche moude bothe kynge & Emperours,
and Princes farre and neare:
To drawe vnto his noble Court,
his wisedome for to heare.
* For why, his domes were purely giuen,
in matters of debate:
He was an vmpere equally,
to euery kinde of state.
He forste not principallitie,
nor yet regarded might:
In eu'ry cause especially,
respected he the right.
For whiche his actions purely doen,
by wisedomes rules approued:
Of Princes, kynges, and Emperours,

he

*King Hēry the secōd as Chronicles record for wisedome, knowledge, and iudgement was holden famous throughout the world in so muche as Emperours, (namely the Emperour of Rome, and of Constantinople) hearing of his notable wisedome, sent by their Ambassadors to haue his resolution & iudgement in great matters of strife and contētion. Read more of this kynges glorie his wealth and possessions in maister Foxes Ecclesiasticall' historie, I meane the Actes and monumentes.

*He sheweth the cause why kyng Henry was had in suche honour and greate admiratiō

he highly was beloued.
Thus was he counted in his daies,
the wiſeſt vnder Sonne:
Through *Europe* and beyonde thoſe partes,
ſo farre his fame did ronne.
And as for his poſſeſſions,
ſo largely thei extended:
As neuer Prince before nor ſince,
had like as is remembred.
O kyng theſe thynges aſſuredly,
deſerue to be enrolde:
And grauen in tables ſumptuouſly
made all of beaten golde.
* But did the glorie of the Realme,
from thence forth ginne to ceaſe:
Or did it not like the Lawrell tree,
in freſhneſſe ſtill increaſe:
Did not the Princes of the ſame,
by Marciall actes maintaine:
The garlande of immortall fame,
that others earſt did gaine:
Goe looke and ſearche the monumentes,
and there you ſhall beholde:
That there their names emong the beſte,
dame Honour hath enrolde.
There ſhall you ſee the famous Prince,
in preaſe of worthies ſtande:
Euen cheeke by cheeke to mightie *Mars*,
with dreadfull ſworde in hande.
There ſhall you ſee dame Honour braue,
amide the golden raies:

* The Scepter of the noble Relame of Englande, daiely more & more encreaſed in honor and fame, beeyng as the Sunne in the firmament of heauen, that caſteth his beames of his ſhine vnto the vttermoſte partes of the worlde, ſo that nothyng might bee hid from the heate and preſence thereof.

This noble prices banner baunce,
to his eternall praise.
Prince Edward is that noble knight,
the third kyng of that name:
Approued in the Misteries,
of *Marses* warlike game.
This is the Prince whose roiall acts,
were knowne by sea and lande:
This is the knight whose presence durste,
no forraine kyng withstande.
This is the prince whose cõquryng swoorde,
possest a double Croune:
This is the manne that made his foes,
on euery side come doune.
*This is the manne whose valiant harte,
for triall of his right:
Did proffer gainst the Romishe Pope,
euen hande to hande to fight.
But durste the Popes heroicall harte,
take thoffer of the kyng?
No, no, the foole was wise enough,
he feard an other thyng.
He knewe that if he had assaied,
to tempt hym in his rage:
That captiue should he yeeld hym self,
or leaue his harte to gage.
Wherefore to saue his credite then,
he knewe no waie but one:
Whiche was to take the keyes, and leaue
the swoorde to hym a lone.
For Peter needes must silence keepe,

when

* Prince Edward the third is here a noble testimony, to approue the aboue saied allegation, beeyng in his tyme moste excellent on yearth, as in Chronicles is reported.

* Kyng Edward not abiding the mallepartnesse of the dronken Pope of Rome, which needes would bee a kickler twixt him and the Frenche kyng, standes at defiaunce bothe with Frenche kyng and Pope, and offereth to fight hand to hande with them bothe, whiche when the Pope vnderstandeth, like a Coward, or rather like a snaile in a shell, draweth in his hornes, for feare of a droken Costerd, and quietly suffereth this noble kyng Edward accordyng his pleasure, to execute the force of his sword against his aduersarie, whiche braue exãple if al other kynges would followe & imitate, the beaste would beware how he entermedled with Princes matters, impertinent to his callyng.

when Paule steppes forthe in place:
And knowe we not how Paule withstoode,
sainct Peter to his face:
This thyng importes a misterie,
of whiche here to dispute:
I purpose not, but leaue the same,
for others to confute.
Yet might I saie my minde therein
as some before haue doen:
But that I see the daie forbiddes,
and tyme is almoste ronne.
I see how *Nox* her self applies,
to shade sir *Phebus* light.
But let the toothlesse crabbed queane,
boyle in her owne despight.
Yea let her euer frettyng line,
and pinyng fade awaie:
A iuste reward for suche a drabbe,
her mallice to bewraie.
But as for *Phebe*, you holie ones,
graunt he maie flourishe still:
And to the endyng of my worke,
Lorde guide my quiuryng quill.
When thus this high and mightie Prince,
whose glorie did extende:
Throughout all corners of the worlde,
euen to the furthest ende.
Had rulde, and rainde, and wealde the mace,
and Scepter of this lande:
Long tymes and daies and many yeres,
as wrighters beare in hande.
At lengthe as all thyngs hath a tyme,

*Kyng Edward hauyng long ruled the scepter of his Kyngdome with glorie and greate honor, resigned the same vp to his successours, who also augmente the fame thereof, and in his posteritie is more excellente then his antecessours, as in the tractations of histories is at large discussed.

to

to ſpryng, to growe, and creaſe:
And backe againe in elder yeres,
to wither, fade, and ceaſe.
Muche like the ſweete and pleaſant hearbe,
or fragrant ſentiue flowre:
That riſeth brauely for a tyme,
and falleth in an howre.
Or as the auncient aged Oke,
ſometyme of paſſyng ſtrength,
But yet through ſondrie winters ſtormes,
a feeble tree at length.
Or rather like the gallant Sunne,
(that golden firie ball:)
Whiche hauyng paſt the toppe of heauen,
declineth to the fall.
Euen ſo this famous peerleſſe prince,
(that precious pearle of price:)
Through all the hoſtes and cope of heauen,
(renowmed famous thrice.)
At laſte by Death areſted was,
and forced to reſigne:
The thynges he conqu'red by the ſworde,
as whiche from royall line.
Did erſt deſcend, ſurrendring them
to other noble kynges:
Whoſe praiſes all eche ſacred Dame,
in heauenly ditties ſynges.
*Emongeſt the whiche (though thei deſerue,
to haue immortall fame:)
Yet here of one his praiſe to wright,
it ioyes my hande to frame.

*Though ſonderie of kyng Edwardes ſucceſſours deſerued immortal renowme, whō ſeuerally I omitted here to entreate of, yet emongeſt them all, one of late memorie I thought fit for proofe and argumentes ſake to ſet forthe as an vndoubted paterne of all Nobilitie, whiche is meant of kyng Henry the eight.

It

*It gladdes my harte to name hym once,
to bryng hym forthe in place:
For hym that onely durst defie,
his enemies to their face.
*He, he it is, and none but he,
in these our latter daies:
Through *Europe*, and beyonde partes,
hath wonne like noble praise.
Kyng Henry that moste famous Prince,
the eight I meane by name:
Whiche left behinde hym for his deedes,
so high renowme and fame.
This is the Prince whose onely lookes,
made diuerse Nations quake:
This is the manne that made likewise,
huge towres and holds to shake.
*This is the Prince that did retaine,
the Emp'rour in his bande:
This is that knight that made his foes,
to feele his heauie hande.
*This is the Prince that of hymselfe,
did holde the stately Croune:
This is the manne that durst attempt,
to throwe the Papistes doune.
This is the Prince that freedome got,
to this his Countrie soile:
This is the manne that put the Pope,
and Popishe foes to foile.
This is the manne that made his Bulles,
goe flittyng doune the streames:
And thrust out all his peltyng trashe,

The onely looke and countenance of Kyng Henry the eight, was sufficiēt to discomfort an hoste of menne.

Kyng Henry beyng at warre with the Frēch retaines the Emperour to serue vnder his standard, and ther withall makes his foes to taste bitterly of the rod of his correction, for his Maiestie would not abide to be dallied withall.

Kyng Henry waiyng with hym self, what a miserable plague it was for hym self, his people and kingdome, to be subiect vnto the Pope of Rome (that presumpteous Prelate, to the admiratiō of all the worlde, vnhorseth the Pope, and makes him go on fote (wō a mischeef) where as before he spared not to ride in the neckes of Christen Emperours and Kynges farre better then hym self. (So couragious was ȳ excellent king) as therin he enterprised that whiche all the potentates of ȳ world durst not attempt besides,

The honour of Kyng Henry is triple augmẽted in his successors (especially in the gouernement of our gracious and Soueraigne Ladie the quenes moste excellente maieslie) who not only hath continued in ẏ course of her Father, by suppressyng ẏ pope but ẅ more seuerilie hath holden his nose doune to the grindestone, as by continual grindyng it is almost worne out to the gristle and bare stumps. The honour of our good Queene in her excellencie is here in published. Queene Elizabethes sacred arme, as ẏ pope saieth, hath giuen him such a cut ouerthwart his Mondishe visnamie, that he is in dout whether he shall euer be able to be cured of the wounde, his Cardinalles are vtterly discõforted, his Chirurgians haue giuen hym ouer as all his doctours doe doubt. The great care of her maieslie is euer in seekyng out the waie by whiche she maie gouerne her people and cõtrie ẅ al godlines trãquilite and peace. The life and blood of her Maieslie (whiche GOD for his mercie

out of his highnesse Realmes.
This is the manne whose roiall actes,
haue wonne eternall fame:
Emongest the sainctes and sonnes of men,
deseruyng well the same.
But yet O Kyng especially,
thrice famous art thou calde:
Through her whiche in the self same throne
of honour now is stalde.
I meane our (gracious soueraigne Queene,
that sacred virgine pure:)
Whose raigne God graunt thrice *Nestors* yeres,
with honour to endure.
This is the Prince whose worthie fame,
doeth liue and raigne for euer:
This is the Queene whose noble name,
can bee defaced neuer.
This is the Prince whiche in her daies,
wrought wonders in her lande:
And made her foes like heards of Sheepe,
amazed for to stande.
This is the Prince whose sacred arme,
hath wounded so the Pope:
That to recouer his former strength,
he liueth voide of hope.
This is the Prince whiche to her Realmes,
procureth reste and peace:
This is the Queene that causeth warres,
and bloodie broiles to cease.
This is the Prince that little cares,
to hazarde life or blood.

This

This is the Queene that nothyng spares,
to doe her people good.
O giftes of rare varietie,
adornyng Princes grace:
Stande vp eternall memorie,
Elizas fame to blaze.
O perfect magnanimitie,
thy fame continue euer:
As doeth the Sonne in circled Skies,
whose light decreaseth neuer.
And euerlasting maiest thou liue,
to rule
To whiche le[illegible]ect saie,
vnfainedly
O praie for her p[illegible]
you people of her lande:
That God maie prosper happely,
what so she takes in hande.
That God maie fauor graciously,
the things she hath begonne:
That she with vs, and we with her
a blessed race maie ronne.

preserue & maintain) is not to deare in her Graces sight, for the preseruation of her people and Countrie, but that she would if occasion serued (as God forbid that wee should see that date to be so distressed) bothe venter an hazarde for defēce of the same for whiche God bes praised, and her Maiestie honoured (a singuler token of a most godly and christian prince.) The author stirreth vp all Christian people and true subiectes to giue forthe a signe of their hartie good will, and loue towardes her sacred Maiestie, by adding) Amen) to that whiche he before praied for.

Here the authour exhorteth al estates and degrees of menne to praie for the prosperitie of her Grace, that God would be on her right hande, continually giuyng good successe to all her highnesse enterprises, (that she with vs her loyall and obedient subiectes, and we with her our right dread and soueraigne Queene, the true anoynted of the Lorde) maie raigne, and liue together in all peace and godlinesse, to the honour and glorie of God for euer.

In this as in all other thyngs,
th'almightyes will be doen:
Since nothyng maie preuent his grace,
or godlie purpose shonne.
For why? he is that self same God,
that neuer alters kinde:

In all our petitions, actiōs, and requestes, wee muste referre the successe euer to the good will & pleasure of God.

The cause why wee should yeeld our will to Gods will is, be-

(A God I saie moste excellent,
and of a constant minde.)
Whiche neuer doeth forsake the thyng,
once tane in his protection:
Nor yet reiecteth vtterly,
whiche is in his election.
(He is a God omnipotent)
on whom the world dependeth:
Whose vigor, force, and celsitude,
through eu'ry part extendeth.
(A roiall God immencible)
that can not be enclined:
To chaunge from all eternitie,
his sacred purpose minded.
But that whiche his Deunitie,
before all ages formed:
In his eternall secresie,
shall doubtlesse be performed.
*This holie and immortall God,
euen he I must confesse:
Did stirre me vp moste studiously,
my senses to addresse.
To write some pleasant historie,
I musyngly began:
*For to consider warely,
of what it should be than.
I was no fitte Astronomer,
to treate vpon the Starres:
Nor yet trainde vp in *Martis* court,
to tell of bloodie warres.
I was no famous Oratour,

cause he is euen still ye self same thyng that neuer chaungeth nor alters his entent or purpose, eſtablished in his secret counsell, but as he weth & hath purposed, so also in tyme conuenient weth likewise accomplishe by whiche we may perceiue his excellent puritie.

*This is a portion of that whiche in the beginnyng was alledged, where it is saied, that God was ye cause principall, whereby the mynde of the authour was mightely enflamed to write some pleasant Historie, but wiste not what, till at length by the self same cause he was instructed and taught what he should write, as more fullie hereafter is set doune.

*The authour is not ashamed to acknoweledge his imbecillitie, of hym self vnable to bring to passe any notable exploite, saue onely that he depēdeth on Gods direction to finishe the thyng his goodnesse shall begin.

nor craftie manne of Lawe:
*Whiche from a but of Muskadine,
a tunne of Malmesties drawe.
Nor yet recounted excellent,
in those high mist'ries seuen:
By whiche I might vpon myne othe,
tell what is doen in heauen.
I was not of God *Neptunes* Court,
as Pirates be on sease:
I deemde it farre a better life,
(though poore) to liue at ease.
*I was not skilfull in their trades
whiche giue out golde to gaine:
No, no, I dare auouche suche sainctes,
my pouche did neuer staine.
Nor yet with Marchant venterers,
(those were too high for me:)
Unneath to shewe their famous sleight,
acquainted might I bee:
I founde not in me verelie,
of wrighters that's required:
How might I then performe the thyng,
my soule and harte desirede
But he that worketh all in all,
did will me forward venter:
And he would aide me warlike wise,
strong towres and holdes to enter.
Whereon I tooke suche harte of grace,
as with a ioyfull minde:
I marched forthe in stedfast hope,
some good successe to finde.

* Better to bee meere ignorant, then to bee ouer skilfull to the hurt of other.

*Meanyng not acquainted in the science of Vsurie, whereby he might haue had good occasion and matter to write of.

*The aughour still procedyng on in the discription of his imperfectiō, and hauyng felt the ground of his knowledge, seeing himself to bee altogether vnfurnished of that, which in historiographers is required (with as it) were aske a question, how it wer possible for hym to accōplish the thing he gladly desired, whereunto he makes aunswere, alledgyng though in his owne eyes he seemed insufficient, yet God who gouerneth all thynges, bids hym but adde to his good will, & he would further hym in the reste.

In whiche my trauells suerly,
he did so wel attende me:
As nothyng could bee deemed fit,
but forthwith did he sende me.
He gaue me to associate,
a chosen Crewe of Dames
Inuention, with good *Memorie*,
these were their perfect names.
To whom *Conueighaunce* was adioyned,
as *Corp'rall* to the bande:
Connaiyng eche thyng pretily,
what so thei tooke in hande.
With these I venterde forwardlie,
to prosecute with speede:
What so my harte assuredlie,
had long before decreed.
And hauyng now the lothsome goulfe,
of deepe Dispaire well paste:
We did approche *Thelysiane* feelds,
of comfort at the laste.
Where all the Crewe of heauenly Dames,
with one consent beganne:
To sit them doune, and on my cause,
aduisedly to stanne.
In whiche high court of Parlament,
it was concluded on:
That of the famous Irishe soile,
I should enlarge vpon.
And least thereof in any parte,
I might relate a misse:
By reason of the longitude,

Three principal thinges are to be retained of euery Chronicler & writer of Histories, (that is to saie) Inuentiō, Memorie, and pleasant Conueiance without whiche, what soeuer a man doeth is altogether vnsauerie.

The authour at last through many daies trauail, obtaineth the Porte and Hauen of reste, where his three foresaid companions Inuention, Memorie and Conueighaunce, consultyng together, agree and conclude that he should entreet vpon the Irishe soile and inhabitauntes of the same, with the fertilitie of the ground.

*Marke the preparation made for the authour, leste peraduenture he might relate

or latitude, there is.
A goodly braue Piramides,
erected passyng high:
From whence all corners of the lande,
I might at large discrie.
From whence I did behold and see,
moste noble flowyng streames:
Fit for the Marchantes of the worlde,
to saile from forraine Realmes.
Wherein were sondrie store of beastes,
in waters that doe liue:
To whom their proper names I am,
vnable for to giue.
Yet were thei suche as doe maintaine,
and serue for common wealth:
By yeeldyng plentie to the soile,
where store of people dwelth.
Yea suche and suche (if credite maie,
be giuen vnto me than:)
As doe refreshe the hongrie soule,
and serue the vse of man.
All whiche I sawe abondantlie,
a loofe where I did stande:
*But farre more brauer things then those,
vpon the stable lande.
I there beheld how curie parte,
and percell was conuaide:
With hills, and woods a champion ground,
moste artificiall laide.
The hills directly ronnyng forthe,
and turnyng in a geune:

ought amisse, and so by false discouerie of thynges therein contained, roune in danger of reproke, whereunto the nature of the Cauiller is passyngly addicted.

*By these flowyng streames are ment, the goodlie Heuens and Riuers through euery parte of Irelande, most famous for marchantes, in whiche riuers also are store, change, and choise of all fine and delicate fishes, and that in most abondant sort, a notable pleasure and necessarie cõmoditie for a cõmon wealthe, and this is the firste parte cõcernyng the waters

*As the Riuers of Irelande are notable famous for the varietie of all maner of fishes, giuen in moste plentifull maner, so is the lande farre more renowmed for her situation, pleasant ayre operation, and goodly store of all maner of cattell behofefull for the lande, and for all kinde of wildfoule for pleasure and profite of man, as in the discourse thereof shall spedely be set out.

Muche

Muche like a sort of croked mates,
and ouertwhartyng menne.
* The woodes aboue and neath those hills,
some twentie miles in length:
Rounde compaste with a shakyng bogge,
a forte of passyng strength.
From whence a certaine fire is drawne,
to sheeld from Winters colde:
Whereas Poh Worsbe hides hymselfe,
as in a fenced holde.
* The Nimphes of sondrie matrones, I
haue hard doe there resorte:
As tyme and fitt occasions serue,
to vse for their disporte.
Some for to shade them from the heate,
and some an other thyng:
Accordyng as the raine doeth fall,
so doe the flowers spryng.
One doeth reioyce to spende the daie,
in playyng Barlibrake.
An other doeth (I meane no harme)
as greate a comfort take.
This Nimphe doeth ioye to studd a longest,
the woode and riuerse side:
But she in snortyng in a bushe,
Receiu'th as greate a pride.
These doe inuite the Wurm'ryng brookes,
these diue and rise againe:
And bathyng in their sweete delightes,
so long thei doe remaine.
Till Cupid toul'th his sacryng bell,

* The discription of the woodes of Irelande.

* The discouery of the Irish Nimphes, their pleasures, pastymes, and accustomable vsages, wherein daiely thei are occupied, are figuratiuely expressed.

to enter other Rites:
My would'treuiue a manne halfe dedde:
to see those naked Spyites:
To see what games thei can deuise,
and sondrie pastymes make:
Twould cause I doe assure you,
a Horse his halter brake.
To daunce attendaunce on those Dames,
with reuerent seruice then:
To waight vpon them in that case.
it forceth sondrie men.
*O Nimphes of lasting Memorie,
your vertuous actions rare:
With *Venus* for integritie,
I freely maie compare.
With *Venus* for agilitie,
(speake I of veniall sinne:)
In her celestiall paradice,
ought you to enter in.
*For you are thei whiche store the ground,
with fruites of your encrease:
And make it daiely to abounde,
(meane I with rest and peace:)
With little Nimphes and mountaine Gods
transformed now and then:
From Boyes to Beares, and yet sometyme,
resemblyng honest men.
From whẽce there flowes as from a spring,
an other generation:
*More subtill then the Foxes are,
in their imagination.

This doe expounde the true meanyng of the rest that went before.

*These Nimphes deserues eternal memorie for their holy conuersation: yea, though it were but with Almodious the Deuil of hell: For pitie it were if thei should not bee remembred somwhere and since thei are not thought vpon in heauen, giue them leaue to bee had in memorie in hell.

*The cause why these Nimphes are worthy of suche remembrance is because of ỹ greate paine and labour thei tooke in the lande in bryngyng forth fruite after their kinde.

*The generation of these wood Nimphes are in their kind more craftier then ỹ Foxes more frettyng then Boyes, and terribler thã Beares, worbing by secret conspiracies the subuersion, ruine, and destruction of the hurtlesse creatures of the lande.

Who as thei growe in elder yeres,
and springyng rise in strength:
So doe thei worke the Realmes anoye,
and hinderaunce at the length.
So doe thei worke the landes decaie,
procuryng what thei canne:
The ruine and vndoyng quight,
of many an honest manne.
This is a thyng that euery one,
had neede to looke vpon:
For els too late the doore is shutte,
when as the steede is gone.
And since the pale is often plag'de,
with suche a hellishe sorte:
Let that suffice, and let vs all,
be warn'de by true reporte.
So shall wee shonne the dangrous snares,
our secret foes haue sette:
And ouerpasse the hunters toiles,
and Foulers craftie nette.
So shall wee flie the traitrous grinnes,
that treasons might procure:
And in a towre of strong defence,
our safties all assure.
Wee knowe by good experience,
it is a daungerous thyng:
For one into his naked bedde,
a poysning Tode to bryng.
Or els a deadly Crocadile,
when as he goeth to reste:
To lead with hym, and as his mate,

*The Authour seing the greate inconueniences that happen daily by the retaining of suche a pestiferous generation, giueth counsell to all those that loue their owne safftie and securitie to ridde their handes of them, least retainyng and still maintainyng them they doe but foster a wolfe, and cherishe a serpent, which are redy daily both to deuoure, and destroye them.

*The authour continuing in his exhortation thereby to driue it more deper into the hartes of men bringeth forth a similitude of a tode and a crocadill, signifiyng that it is all one equall securitie for a mā to sleepe with all those poysoning wormes, as it is

to.

to place next to his breste.
The mischeef thereof certainly,
is this that doeth ensewe:
Euen nothyng but a sodain death,
to careleſſe persones dewe.
Then since the harme is manifest,
consent with willyng minde:
To ridde your handes from suche a sorte,
for Catte will after kinde.
And be not witched euermore,
with their externall sight:
For why should men of Thenglishe pale,
in suche a Crewe delight:
Or eke repose suche confidence,
in that vnhappie race:
Since mischef lurketh oftentimes
euen in the smotheſt face:
Be not deceiude, preuent the worſt,
the beſte shall saue them selues:
And giue not you, your liues to keepe,
to suche dissemblyng Elues.
Els if you doe, (as practise proues,
in theſe vnconstant daies:)
You doe but truſt your mortall foes,
and seeke your owne decaies.
This is my dome and counsell eke,
imbrace it who so can:
And to retourne vnto my texte,
I deme it wisedome than.
Within the compaſſe of this land,
no poysonyng beast doeth liue:

to keepe about hym thoſe members before specified, for (in cõclusion) the wormes can but poyson them, and they murder them, so that bothe of them do worke all one effecte whiche is death.

It is a true saiyng, preuent the worſte and the beſt shall saue it self.

Here the auchour reuoketh his storie and setteth out the operation of the Iriſhe grounde, whiche neither breedeth nor yet fostereth vp in it any venimous beastes or wormes.

To Adder, Snake, nor Crocadile,
no respitte doeth it giue.
Whereby the same repast maie take
to feede his appetite:
But with a deadly percyng blowe,
eche vermine it doeth smite.
As sone as thei doe touche the grounde,
euen by and by thei dye:
And hope of longer life to liue,
from euery one doeth flye.
For where tyme past it did possesse,
eche hurtfull wicked beast:
The hissing serpent with her mate,
and worme of poyson least.
Yet now no suche it will retaine,
it voucheth not to see:
The Frogge, the Tode, nor Viper vile,
within her boundes to bee.
If tyme haue chaunged thus the ground,
I staude therein in doubt:
Or whether that the Goddes them selues,
haue driuen those Serpentes out.
For thynges fore knowne to mightie Ioue,
whiche after should ensewe:
Or for preseruyng of some graftes,
whiche there at that tyme grewe.
Or if perhappes thei ment to place,
the wandryng Huntresse theare:
Through hilles & dales the wolfe to chace,
in steade of Sauage Beare.
Or if it were for Junos sake,

Irelande tyme past, had store of all kinde of wormes, serpents, and venimous beasts if fables be scriptures.

Doubtfull obiectiõs, whether processe of tyme, or the power of Gods abbolished the serpentes out of Irelande.

who happlie begg'de the same:
In pasture for her newe giuen Cowe,
(that Jo. Greekishe dame.)
Or if it hapte when thondryng fame,
did pearce the stately Skies:
Affirmyng troupes of mortall men,
in warlike sorte to rise.
With engens framed for the nonce,
the sacred Turrettes hie:
In maugre Joue, and Joues despight,
by force and pollicie.
To take, and make the same a place,
mischaunces to expell:
If afterward by fatall happe,
should happe them ought but well.
I thinke when as suche brutes were made,
then goddes bothe greate and small:
Consulted with th'infernall ghostes,
and mountaine Spirites withall.
How and what sorte thei might repulse,
or bryng to small effecte:
The worldes entent that would so vile,
dame Natures lawes reiecte.
In whiche consult one stepped forthe,
(as farre as I can gesse:)
Apollo was that reuerende sire,
cheef in this businesse.
Who saied, you goddes that rul'dome holde,
aboue the circled Skie:
Let out the threates of fadyng men,
your graces terrifie.

Emongest sondrie suppositions a very likely hoode, opening the tyme of the wormes exployement.

The auctheur yeelds his verdict and opinion, in this prettie tale.

Good counsell neuer yet hurted ye receiuer.

Mars cõfirmeth Appolloes saiyng, vertifyng his greate wisedome, showing reason why they should exempt feare.

In sothe saied *Mars* (whose curled lokes,
did shade a doubtie face:)
Appolloes councell noble is,
and fruitfull in this case.
For why should wee that moulded man,
of man be thus a fraied:
Or for the soonnes of mortall men,
so greatly bee dismaied:

The reason truly set doune, for the abollyshyng of feare.

If man by sleight should scale the heauens,
wee goddes maie thinke no wonder,
To see the highest God of all,
to spoile them by his Thonder.
But if wee would deferre no tyme,
for feare of worser happes:
But shunne asmuche as in vs lieth
the bruntе of after clappes.

Bloodie Mars ouerthwarteth Appollo, annichillating his reasons, giuyng contrarie counsell to the confusion of the enemie.

Let worthie *Ioue* in Irefull rage,
restraine them by his might:
And suffer half his thonder boltes,
vpon their pates to light.
*Peace (saied *Apollo*) conqu'ryng *Mars*,
that were not wiselt lore:
For *Ioue* to spende his warlike boltes,
if you beholde the store.
And now the cicloppes are decaied
(whose conuyng science sure:
Could make the seate of mightie *Ioue*,
for euer to endure.)
But if that ye will liste awhile,
and harken my deuice:
I will relate a better waie,

*Apollo contendyng with Mars, manifesteth his notable wisdome in wayng the royall estate.

whiche

whiche doubtlesse maie suffice.
There be a Crewe of mountaine gods,
possessyng yearth belowe:
Praie that their Godheades would a fewe,
of Marshall men bestowe.
To keepe (saie ye) a little plat,
in whiche is moste mistrust:
And through whiche the forain foe
perforce there trauell must.
For it is next the Articke Pole,
it houes you keepe it well:
And no deuice maie serue so fitte,
their mallice to expell.
Though god *Apollo* spake full wise
Mars ganne againe replie:
My soueraigne Lordes let reason yet,
haue superioritie.
Since Marshall knightes haue felt the tast,
of Fortunes sweete and sowre:
As those that fight in Princes cause,
doe taste it daie and howre.
How maie the Goddes that hills posses,
graunt this vniust requeste:
Or who would deeme *Apollo* sage,
had follie in his breste:
Knowe ye not in that sauage soile,
the Adder there to dwell:
And see you not the Coccatrice,
and sleyng Serpent fell:
Behold you not the Sloworme there,
with Vipers generation:

The deuice of Apollo is here most excellēt, who opens a meane to saue both men and money.

Mars addicted onely to slauter gensaithe Apolloes counsell, obiectyng, it to bee voyde of wisedomes forecast, not hauyng regarde to causalties that might ensue.

Mars showeth reason, why the Gods should reiecte Apolloes counsell, he sets out the whole rabble of ill beastes bred in the lande.

Maie

Maie ye not see the Frogge and Tode,
there haue their procreation:
Cannot eche wight (except the blinde)
the sauage beastes perceiue:
As Lion, Wolfe, and rau'nyng Beare,
whose heardes thei oft deceiue:
The tamelesse Pantcher them emongest,
With Tygers cruell kinde:
The Leoparde with a thousande more,
as Nature hath assignde:
How then maie man haue companie, with
this hurtfull generation:
Or soonnes of men with noysome worm's,
enioye their consolation:
Why (saied *Apollo*) angrie *Mars*,
eche parte maie well agree:
When as by *Ioue* eche sleayng beast,
abstracted thence shalbe.
Ioue first shall banishe quite the beste
yea he shall cleane destroye:
The thing that might in any wise,
the Souldiers ought anoye.
And thei debarred once from thēce,
in saufe Securitie:
The Souldiers then in open field,
by daie and night maie lye.
To watche and ward, least Irefull foes,
throughe Pilgrimes slye pretence:
Should vnawares against the Gods,
their warlicke fute commence.
Yea thei maie sleepe in bushe or hedge,

Mars makes here his conclusion.

Apollo confuteth Mars and his Marshall reasons beyng once experimented in the misteries of diuinitie hauyng fore knowledge of Iupiters entent and purpose.

for safetie shall be suche:
As neither Snake nor Lion fearce
their slombryng corpes shall touche.
A mantill maie suffice to shroude,
their lethie naked skinne:
And heare long growne maie serue full well,
to lappe their noddells in.
In deede (saied *Mars*) it maie be so,
if *Ioue* thereto agree:
But first tis meete that euery hill,
in leauell sorte should bee.
Be whisht (O *Mars*) saied thondryng *Ioue*,
Apollo in degree:
The seconde to my sacred selfe,
I hould hym next to bee.
Hath saied, what might suffice eche one,
whose far forecastyng witte:
Preuenteth daungers euen at hande,
as els not extant yet.
Eche hurtfull beast that noysome is,
I will commaunde awaie:
Not one shall reste the Mountaine men,
by any kinde to fraie,
The crokyng Tode that ougly semes,
with Snakes and Adders fell:
Shall be dismiste and sent forthe with,
to *Plutos* ghostes in hell:
To feede thereon, them selues to glutte,
sufficyng hongrie mawe:
Yea thei them selues without constraint,
them selues shall thether drawe.

It appeares by this, that Apollo was first deuisour of the woldarnes glibbe and mantell.

Mars conniued by reason, concludes with Apollo.

Iupiter to Mars in Apolloes praise, reckenyng that Apollo had respecte, to daungers as well extant, as to those that might after followe.

Let therefore little Mountaine Gods,
a troupe (as thei maie spare:)
Of breachlesse men at all assaies,
bothe leauie and prepare.
With Mantelles doune vnto the Shoe,
to lappe them in by night:
With speares and swordes and little dartes
to sheeld them from despight.
And let some haue their breaches close,
to nimble thynges annexte:
With safer meanes to daunce the Boggs,
when thei by foes are vexte.
With glibbed heddes like *Mars* hym selfe,
their malice to expresse:
With Irefull hartes and bloudie hands,
soone prone to wickednesse.
Ioue spake, twas doen and I suppose,
then Serpents were diuiste:
And sent awaie, whiche to be true,
now credite if ye liste.
(Againe) the Irishe yong and old,
presumeth for to saie:
Their sainct (S. Patricke) was the man,
that banisht them awaie.
And therefore is S. Patricke held
in passyng admiration:
Still worshipped of all that stocke,
with holie veneration.
No beast that noyeth mortall man,
is procreated theare:
It brynges forthe no Lion feare,

The order of the Irishe karnes apparel, is here allowed by Iupiter beyng first found out by Apollo.

It is agreed vpon, by consent of the Gods, that Woodkarne shall weare glibbed heds, signifiyng their monstrous malice, trefull hartes, and bloodie hands, which moste strictly they to this daie doe obserue.

The Irishe man, contrarie to the former allegations plainly sayeth that sainct Patricke expulsed the venimous beasts out of Irelande, for whiche thei haue hym at this daie in greate adoration.

A renuyng againe of the historie.

nor yet the raurnyng Beare.
No beastes (I saie) whiche do possesse,
one iote of crewell kinde:
Excepte the Wolfe that nosome is,
in Irishe soile I finde.
But as for other sortes of beastes,
delightyng mortall eye:
Therein consistes her chefest praise,
who maie it here denye?
First for gallant stouryng Steede,
mans helpe at all assaies:
And next for Neate, whereby his life,
is lengthned sondrie waies.
Darre *Venus* hath a portion eke,
obseruyng well her tourne:
Restorying that whiche tracte of tyme,
and withred age hath worne?
What this should be my mistresse deare,
can construe verie well:
Who vsyng it in tyme of neede,
sore combattes doth refell
And now as touchyng featherd Foules,
and birdes of eche degree:
The nomber doeth extende so farre,
that tis too hard for me.
The multitude thereof to knowe,
or shewe in plaine prospecte:
Because I am no God at all,
my cunnyng hath defecte.
Of haukes which retaining sondrie names,
the Countrie store doeth breede:

Greate store of wolues in Irelande.

Irelande replenished with all kinde of necessarie and profitable cattell.

Plentie of all kinde of wildefoule in Irelande whatsoeuer maie be named.

Irelande heth great store of Hawkes bred in it.

Whose names if Pacience will abide,
in order shall proceede.
The Goshauke first of the Crewe,
deserues to haue the name:
The Faucon next for high attemptes,
in glorie and in fame.
The Tarsell then ensueth on,
good reason tis that he:
For fliyng haukes in Ireland next
the Faucon plaste should bee.
The Tarsell gentels course is nexte,
the fourth peere of the lande:
Combined to the Faucon, with
a louers freendly bande.
The pretie Marlion is the fifth,
to her the Sparhauke nexte,
And then the Jacke and Musket laste,
by whom the birds are vexte.
These are the Haukes whiche cheefly breed,
in fertile Irishe grounde:
Whose matche for flight and speedie wyng,
elswhere be hardly founde.
(And to conclude) of feathered foules,
there breeds the cheef of all:
A mightie foule, a goodlie birde,
whom men doe Eagle call.
This builde her neast in highest toppe,
of all the Oken tree:
Or in the craftiest place, whereof
in Irelande many bee.
Not in the bounds of Englishe pale,

The names of the Hawkes that are bred in Ireland with their estemations orderly whiche are in nomber seuen.

The Irishe Hawkes peerles, for speedines of wing.

Many Eagles in Irelande.

whiche

whiche is a ciuill place:
But in the Deuills Arse, a Peake,
where Rebells moste inbare.
For as this foule and all the reste,
are wilde by Natures kinde:
So do thei kepe in wildest Nokes
and there men doe them finde.
For like to like the Prouerbe saith,
the Leoparde with the Beare:
Doth liue in midest of Desarts rude
and none doeth other feare.
For as the Irishe Karne be wilde,
in maners and in fashion:
So doe these foules enhabite, with
that crooked generation.
Yet when as thei are taken yong,
(though wilde thei be by kinde:)
Enstructed through the Fauconers lure,
by triall good I finde.

The olde saiyng is here founde true, that like loueth like.

By politicke brute beastes are brought to a peaceable order of liuyng, seruyng and obaiyng man orderly in their nature and kinde, yea the very foules of the ayre and beastes of the fielde, haue a certaine kinde of reuerence and feare, towardes those whom they consider doe worke them any good, but onely these monsters of the worlde, these pernicious members of Sathan, these wretched wretches haue no consideration, nor yet beare any kindly affection towardes (her Maiestie) whose mercie doeth preserue them, whose gracious fauour doeth protect them, whose royaltie not only wisheth them good, but also doth them good, not for a day, a weeke, a moneth, or a yeare, but continually, for if her Grace would their subuertion, if then she had but saide the worde onely, iudge what had followed (euen vtter desolation) which thing, these blinde Idiots doe not or at least will not see or consider, O ingratitude moste intollerable, and blindnesse irrecuperable.

That thei doe come as twere at becke,
and when as thei doe call:
She scarce will stint on twige or bowe,
till on his fiste she fall.

Thus thei obey their tutors hestes
and doe degenerate:
From wildnesse that belonged to,
their forepossessed state.
But Irishe karne vnlike these foules,
in burthe and high degree:
No chaunglyngs are thei loue nowhit,
in Ciuill state to bee.
Thei passe not for ciuilitie,
nor care for wisedomes lore:
Sinne is their cheef felicitie,
whereof thei haue the store.
And if perhappes a little Ape,
be taken from the Henne:
And brought frō Boggs to chāpion ground,
suche thyngs happe now and then.
Yea though thei were in Courte trainde vp,
and yeres there liued tenne:
Yet doe thei loke to shaking boggs,
scarce prouyng honest menne.
And when as thei haue wonne the Boggs,
suche vertue hath that grounde:
That thei are worse then wildest karne,
and more in synne abounde.
O holie sainct, O holie man,
O man of God I saie:
O Patrick chiefe of all these karne
if I speake to thee I maie.
What moued thee, the wriglyng Snake,
and other wormes to kill:
What caused thee on sillie beastes,

to

No pollicie, wisedom or cunnyng, scarce alereth the wilde Woodkarnes croked nature.

*In steede of ciuilitie, Woodkarne vse villanie.

*The felicitie, that Irishe karne do most of all reioyce in.

The sowe returnes to the entre, and the dog to his vomite againe.

This hath been to well proued true in these late daies.

*An exclamation vpon Saint Patrick, chief Saint in Irelande.

to woorke thy cruell will:
What thyng incenst thee for to strike,
them with thy heauie hande:
When as thou lefteſt more ſpitefull beaſtes,
within this fertile lande.
Thou ſmoteſt the Serpentes venimous,
and Furies didſt ſubuerte:
And yet the footers of the boggs,
couldſt thou no whit conuerte:
Couldſt thou not bryng them to thy bende,
nor bowe them like a Bowe:
Doeth not the Parſone teache his Clarke,
his Duetie for to knowe:
But thou good man enſtructedſt them,
in ſchoole of Vertues lore:
Though thei thy holie counſells did,
like graceleſſe graftes abhorre.
Thou tookeſt paine them to reduce,
vnto a godlie ſtate:
But could thy meanes preuaill where *Ioue*,
ſmightes with a cureleſſe fate:
Can Phiſickes arte reſtore the lame,
or make the blinde to ſee:
When as the Lorde of hoſtes doeth ſaie,
this wretche was plagued by me:
No, no, I dare auowe the ſame,
doe Phiſicke what it can:
In eche reſpecte it muſt confeſſe,
it ſelf a mortall man.
No Pies to plucke the Thatch from houſe,
are breed in Iriſhe grounde:

Iriſhe karne more hurtfull then Serpentes.

Sainct Patrickes preachynges, could neuer bring Woodkarne to holy perfection of life.

Sainct Patricke is here excuſed, who doutleſſe tooke great paine and labour, if it had been poſſible to haue made Woodkarne become religious Sainctes.

No ſtrength maie preuaile whom God doeth withſtande, no phiſicke can cure, whom God in his ire ſtriketh, ſhowing that God hath giuen vp Woodkarne to a reprobate ſence infectyng them alſo with an incurable botche.

Signifiyng it is mere madneſſe to ſtriue againſt the lorde god.

Irelande hath no Pyes breeding in it.

But

Wetter it were to haue Pyes thē pyowlers.

Where Irishe karne haue superiozitie, ther thei commit all thinges to fire and swozd, as house, cozne, and cattell, men, women and childzen.

O viperous VVoodkarne, right sons of the deuill:
A hangyng come to you, rewardyng your euill.
A poore onely hangyng, for this pestilent brood:
Both hanging & drawing, were for them to good.

By murderyng, ipoyling and burnyng, Woodkarne hope to come to heauen, but it must be by a halter.

The glozie of Irelande wholy extinguisht, through Irish karnes inuyng.

*An exclamation drawen from the depth of the harte, wherein the auchour seemeth to bewaile the defozmation of the lande by oz through the liues of these rebellious Woodkarne.

*Irishe karne brutisher then beastes.

No men moze graceiesse then Woodkarne, none greater foes to their country, nozyet any that reioyce moze in vnhappynesse then they.

*Woodkarnes armes artificially displaide.

But wozse then Pies, the same to burne,
a thousande maie be founde.
Whiche will not sticke without remozse,
whole tounes foz to deuoure:
*Committing house and housholde stuffe,
to Sulphers mightie powze.
Consuming cozne and cattel bothe
(O heauie tale to tell)
Like Sathans ympes regardyng nought,
the endlesse paines of hell.
Who beyng growne to sappie strength,
long nozished in their synne:
*Suppose by playing of suche partes,
eternall ioyes to winne.
*O pleasaunt lande defozmed thzough,
the life of Irishe karne:
*O perucrse flocke that hell noz heauen,
from liuyng ill many warne.
O frettyng Bozes moze bloudier then
the Wolfe, oz sauage beare:
*Was neuer beast moze brutishe, like
lesse voide of soueraignes feare.
*No men so bare of heauenly grace,
moze foes to Countries soile:
Noz traitours that doe moze reioyce,
when thei their neighbours spoil.
*No monsters louyng lesser peace,
delightyng moze in warre:
Noz Rebels seekyng fellet waies,
a common wealthe to marre.
*No wight regardyng vertue lesse,

moze

more prone to sinfull lust:
Nor creatures liuyng vnder heauen,
that men maie worser trust.
*God tourne them to a better life:
reformyng whattes a misse,
For man maie not compryce the same,
tis not in handes of his.
If cunnyng had preuailed ought,
or toile might winne the game:
Then *Sidney* had through labours paine,
long since atchiu'd the same.
If execution of the Lawes,
could make them to repent:
Or Princes grace ablating crimes
might cause their hartes relent.
Then doubtlesse he had been of force,
whose carefull care was suche:
As peace to winne to Irishe soule,
he demde no trauaill muche,
*But care he takes both night and daie,
and meanes that he did vse:
Might make this graceless cursed race,
their euill liues refuse.
*The more he seeketh them to win
the further of thei straie:
As ympes that doe detest to walke
the high and pleasant waie:
I cease I cease more to relate,
their stratagemes to showe:
Till place and space and heauenly grace,
shall fitter tyme bestowe.

Woodkarne of all creatures least regardeth vertue, beyng giuen wholy to wicked sensualitie and lust, they are of least credite vnder heauen a notable commendation.
*Gods grace must support where man can doe no good.

Sir Henry Sidneys indeuour in reducyng of Irelande.

Two thynges practised by Sir Henry Sidney, drawyng the Irishrie to a conformitie of good liuyng, that is to saie, iudgement and mercie.
*Sir Henries care, wisedome and policie, could not bryng the Woodkarne to a better order and conformitie of liuyng.
*Marke here the obstinacie of these wodkarne whiche by how muche lenitie they are better vsed ordered, and gouerned, by so muche the more wilfulnesse, frowardnesse and stubbornesse, they are alienated, and enstranged frō all good discipline, and loyall obedience, a moste euident signe and token of an vntowarde generation.

And to conclude this formoste part
herein I make an ende:
Supposyng loiall subiectes minds
in nought I doe offende.
Though pictures, and protractours made,
by Painters cunnyng skill:
With gestures of tye Irishe karne
set out by quiuryng quill.
I publisht haue, wherby the world
maie knowe their inclination:
As how thei passe for wicked life,
the synfulste generation.
And if for want of better arte,
some things I pretermitte:
Whiche rightly here to this discourse,
might be adioyned fitte.
Let pacience Lordings yet supplie,
the things so doen amisse:
Or let correctyng of the faltes,
amende that faltie is.
At leaste declare when you haue redde,
in what I haue offended:
And if it resteth in my handes,
it shalbe then amended.

A reasonable request to be graunted in consideration of the paines.

FINIS.

The Prolog to the seconde parte.

SInce ſacred Ioue whoſe royall throne,
is plaſte in circled Skies:
Beholdeth thinges farr diſtantt thēce,
with vewe of godly eyes.
And ſeyng that the Lorde doeth guide,
eache thyng with heauenly might:
As well the Sonne and orient daie,
as Moone in froſtie night.
Conductyng them as ſeemes hym beſt,
diſpoſing all at will:
VVhereby his creatures diuerſly,
his pleaſure might fulfill.
Support good God with heauenly grace,
my penne for to relate:
The ſeconde parte that doth belong,
vnto the Iriſhe ſtate.
Illuminate my ſenſes all,
that I maie rightly tell:
The nature of the Iriſhe Karne,
as how they doe rebell.
And euery thyng to ſhowe aright,

thou Lorde directe my course:
And leade me to Thelysian fieldes,
by thy triumphant force.
I seeke no helpe of forraigne Gods,
nor ayde of suche a crewe:
Because to trust in senslesse thynges,
small comforte can ensewe.
But thy good ayde is that I craue,
wherefore graunt me the same:
That I by it maie haue the strength,
a pleasaunt verse to frame.
And in the same a matter fit,
applied to the thing:
Whiche is the chiefest cause whereof,
my sillie verse doeth spring.

FINIS.

The ſecond part of the Image of *Frelande*.

THough that the royall ſoyle,
and fertill Iriſhe grounde:
With thouſande ſondrie pleaſaunt thinges,
moſte nobly doe abounde.
Though that the lande be free,
from Vipers generation:
As in the former parte I made,
a perfecte declaration.
Though that the yearth I laie,
be bliſte with heauenly things:
And though tis like the fragrant flowre,
in pleaſante Maie that ſpringes.
Yet when I did beholde,
thoſe whiche poſſeſſe the ſame:
Their maners lothſome to be told,
as yrkſome for to name.
I meruailde in my mynde,
and therevpon did muſe:
To ſee a Bride of heauenlie hewe,
an ouglie Feere to chuſe.
This Bride it is the Soile,
the Bridegrome is the Karne,
With writhed glibbes like wicked Spirits,
with viſage rough and ſtearne.
With ſculles vpon their poules,
in ſteade of ciuill Cappes:

The diſcription of the Iriſhman, aſwell of the Lordes, as of the galliglaſſe and horſeboy fully ſet out.

With speares in hand and swordes by sides,
to beare of after clappes.
With Jackettes long and large,
whiche shroude simplicitie:
Though spitfull dartes which thei do beare
impoꝛte iniquitie.
Their shirtes be verie straunge,
not reachyng paste the thie;
With pleates on pleates thei pleated are,
as thicke as pleates maie lye.
Whose sleues hang trailing doune
almoste vnto the Shoe:
And with a Wantell commonlie,
the Irishe Karne doe goe.
Now some emongest the reste,
doe vse an other weede:
A cdate I meane of strange deuice,
whiche fancie firste did breede.
His skirtes be verie shoꝛte,
with pleates set thicke about,
And Irishe trouzes moꝛe to put,
their straunge pꝛotractours out.

The Irishe Karnes apparell moste liuely set out.

Loe Lordynges here the draught,
sett out in open vewe:
For by instructions I am taught.
false forgynges to eschewe,

Like as their weedes be straunge,
and monstrous to beholde:
So doe their maners far surpasse,
them all a thousande folde.
For thei are tearmed wilde,
Woodkarne thei haue to name:
And meruaile not though strange it be,
for thei dosarue the same.
In maners thei be rude,
and monstrous eke in fashon:
Their dealynges also do bewraie,
a crooked generation.
For why, thei feare not God,
nor honour yet their Prince:
Whom by the lawes of mightie Ione
thei ought to reuerence.
Eche theef would be a Lorde,
to rule euen by a becke,
The faithfull subiectes often times
thei shorten by the necke.
And those that would be true,
to God and to the Croune:
*With fire and sworde, and deepe despight,
thei plucke suche subiects doune
*Thus thei be mortall foes,
vnto the Common wealthe:
Maintainyng rackhells at their heeles,
through detestable stealthe.
Thei harpe vpon one stryng,
and therein is their ioye:
When as thei finde a subtill sleight,

Woodkarnes manners are more straunger then his apparell.

The frutte sheweth the goodnesse of the tree, approuyng all Woodkarne, strong theeues for to bee.
*Irishe Rebbelles feare neither god nor man.

The hautie hartes of Woodkarne desire ruledome, but they shall haue a rope.
*The Rebbelles enuie towarde a good Subiecte, whereto many be ioyned, the affection of a pernicious Papist, towarde a true Christian.
*Marke the moste pestilent nature of the wilde villanous Woodkarne.
*Woodkarne are as Grashoppers, and Catterpillers to their countrey, and people.

The ioye of rebbelles is in plagyng of true men.

to worke true mens anoye.
For mischeefis the game,
wherein thei doe delight:
As eke thei holde it great renowne
to burne and spoile by night.
When tyme yeeldes true men ease,
suche reste thei pretermitte:
And giue them selues to other artes,
for their behofe more fitte.
To wounde the harmeleſſe sorte,
it is the karnishe guise:
And other some to stiffle quight,
in slumbryng bedde that lyes.
An other sorte thei spoile,
euen naked to the skin:
And leaue hym nothyng for to wrappe,
his naked bodie in.
Thei leaue no kinde of thyng,
that maie be borne awaie:
The potte, the panne, the Horse, the Cowe,
and muche more maie I saie.
Now thynges that are to sadde,
that maie suppresse their powre:
Thei doe comunit to flames of fire,
the same for to deuoure.
And when thei haue their luste,
the sillie captiue beaste:
Must presently be knocked doune,
to make the knaues a feaste.
But who shalbe the Cooke:
it is no question here.

Spoyling and burnyng is the Irishe karnes renoune.

Woodkarnes exercises when true men take rest, to robbe burne and murder, when true men take rest, with fire swords and axeſſe, these traitors are preſſe, thei take no compassion of men children nor wiues, but rope when they doe them, depriue of their liues.

Irishe karne seldome leaue any thyng worth the bearyng awaie behinde them, but either thei take it or els do set it on fire.

The stolne prey Cowe must be knocked doune as sone as they come home, to make the theeues a feaste.

The woodkarnes Cookes.

Nor for the Pantlers chipped loues,
thei aske for once a yere.
Eche knaue will plaie the Cooke,
to stande his Lorde in steede:
But tagge and ragge will equal be
when cheefest Rebell feede.
Well, Beeues are knocked doune,
the Butchers plaie their parte,
Tho take eche one the intrails forthe,
the Liuer with the Harte.
And beyng breathyng newe,
th'unwashen Puddyngs thei:
Upon the coales or embers hotte,
for want of Gredyron laie.
And scarse not halfe enough,
(Draffe seruech well for Hoggs:)
Thei take them vp and fall therto,
like rau'nyng hongrie Doggs.
Deuouryng gutte and limme,
no parte doth come a misse:
Whose lippes & chappes w blood doe swim,
moste true reporte is this.
As for the greatest Karne,
thei haue the cheefest stuffe:
Though durtie tripes and offalls like
please vnderknaues enoufe.
Whereof thei parte doe roste,
and other some thei boile:
Thus what betwene the sodde and roste,
fearce honger thei assoile.
No table there is spread,

Bread seldomly vsed amongst Wodkarye.

Maister and man all one at eatyng of meat

A moste perfecte discription of Irishe horsboyes eatyng their meate.

The rudenesse of horsboyes is herein set open, who fill them with driffe draffe, farwell the good token.

Beholde here the difference twixt Karne and their men, the Karne haue the best meate, the horsboyes eate then, of inmeates and puddings, which to lucke is imputed, their lippes with greene ontment beyng fouly poluted.

The very order of the wilde Irish, their sittyng, table, dishes,

and cushens discribed
O braue kynishe fashion founde out emongst hogges.
Deseruyng for maners to sitt amongst dogges.

thei haue no courtlike guise,
The yearth sometimes standes the in steede
whereon their victuall lyes.
Their Coushens are of Strawe,
of Rushes or of Haye:
Made banckesetwise with withies,
their tailes to vnderlaie.
Their Platters are of wood,
by tunnyng Turners made.
But not of Peauter (credite me,)
as is our Englishe trade.
Now ere the Lordeships doune,
with concubine or wife:
*(Whereof he often makes exchaunge,
in compasse of his life.)
Before he takes his rome,
a Frier doeth beginne:
To blesse the Rebell with his wife,
the place and theeues therein.
Whiche when he blessed hath,
in highest place of all:
The Cheeftaine then this traitrous knaue,
like honest man doeth stall.
And next his Surgion he,
doeth sette at Friers side:
And then himselfe his rome enioyth
adorned with his Bride.
(In fine) the hellishe route.
like luckie fellowes mette:
Doe sit them doune on strawe or grounde,
their victualles for to gette.

The order of Woodkarne is to haue a Frier blesse hym and all his houshoide before he sits doune.
* Irishe Karne euery yeare once or twise peraduenture make exchaunge of their wiues, as thei like the so will thei keepe the, for thei will not be bounde to them.

Friers haue chiefest and hiest roomes at feastes amongst the Irishrie, and why should not we giue them like honour at the gallowes.
*Like vnto like saide the Deuill to the Collier.

Long

Long stabbers plucke thei forthe,
in steede of handsome knives:
And with the same thei slashe me out,
good God what preatie shives.
Not shives of bread I meane,
for that were verie rare:
But gobbes of flesshe not boyld inough,
whiche is their common fare.
Their cheefest drinke is Wilke,
for want of Wilke, the brothe:
Thei take which thing ỹ Surgiõ sweares,
is Philicke by his trothe.
And if that brothe be scante,
yet water is at hande:
For euery Riuer yeeldes enough,
within that goodly land:
Againe if Fortune faunth,
or on them chaunce to smile:
She filles thẽ then with *Vskebeaghe*,
and wine an other while.
O that is cheare in bowles,
it beautifith the feaste:
And makes thẽ loke with dronken noules,
from moste vnto the leaste.
Now when their gutts be full,
then comes the pastyme in:
The Barde and Harper mellodie,
vnto them doe beginne.
This Barde he doeth report,
the noble conquestes done,
And eke in Rimes shewes forthe at large,

A Forner of three quarters of a yarde long, is the Woodkarues knife.

The Irishe wans drinke.

A thyng of necessitie proued to be phillicke, hauyng his confirmation vpon the othe of a pertured cattiffe Karue.

Vskebeaghe, is Aquavite.

The Woodthiues loue mirth after meate.

A Barde and a Rimer is all one.

The Barde by his Rimes hath as great

force emongst Woodkarne to perswade, as the elloquent oration of a learned Oratour emongest the ciuill people.

The pollicie of the Barde to encense the Rebelles to doe mischefe, by repeating their forfathers actes. O craftie Appostle as holy as a Deuill.

Marke how apte and prone these theeues are to doe mischefe, in whiche is verified the saiyng that is witten, like as the father is, suche is the sonne, knaue father and knaue sonne, to the twentie generation.

A wicked man neuer wants ill counsell.

The Frier perswades the Rebels that it is an high worke of charitie, to kill loyall Subiectes, which thyng they beleeue though neuer founde on scripture, O ghostly Frier as innocent as Judas.

Beholde the plaguy counsell of a pockie Frier, the very fruite of Papistrie.

This flatteryng Frier promiseth to

their glorie thereby wonne.
Thus he at randome ronneth,
he prieks the Rebells on:
And shewes by suche externall deeds,
their honour lyes vpon.
And more to stirre them vp,
to prosecute their ill:
What greate renowne their fathers gotte,
thei shewe by Rimyng skill.
And thei moste gladsome are,
to heare of Parents name:
As how by spoilyng honest menne,
thei wonne suche endlesse fame.
Wherefore like graceless graftes,
spryng from a wicked tree:
Thei grow through daily exercise,
to all iniquitie.
And more t'augment the flame,
and rancour of their harte:
The Frier of his councells vile,
to rebelles doth imparte.
Affirmyng that it is,
an almose deede to God:
To make the Englishe subiectes taste,
the Irishe Rebells rodde.
To spoile, to kill, to burne,
this Friers councell is:
And for the doyng of the same,
he warrantes heauenlie blisse.
He tells a holie tale,
the white he tournes to blacke:

And

And through the pardons in his Male,
he worke a knauishe knacke.

the Rebels euerla-
sting life, if they per
seuer in rebellyng a-
gainst the (Queene.)

Beholde the self same thyng,
set forthe by Caruers Arte:
With pictures framed pretely,
expoundyng euery parte.

2

When Friers tale is doen,
and Rebells waied haue:
The circumstaunce of eu'ry worde
reported by the knaue.
From supper then thei rise,
with Friers blessyng, thei
Unto the Englishe borders next,
doe take their onward waie.
And all in warlike wise,
the Borders thei inuade:
Supposyng subiectes for to quell,
by force of Irishe blade.
But loe whom traitours serue,
deceiues them now and then:
Deliu'ryng them and all their strength,
captiues to loiall men.
For louyng subiectes rise,
the Captaine with his bande:
With strokes doe lode these filchyng theeues
as long as thei maie stande.
The pray the rescude is,
and woodkarne buyes it deare:
For heddes are swapt from shoulders quite,

The ende of the Friers oration, is the be-
gunnyng of rebellion,
he is a sharpe spurre
to make them gallop
hedlong to all kinde
of mischiefes, and
last to the gallowes
and deuill of hell.
*The Karne go forth
with the Friers bles-
syng to spoyle loyall
subiectes, but looke
what ensueth.

Whom the Frier
doth blesse, them doth
God curse, bryngyng
their wicked purpo-
ses to a wonderfull
ende.

The pray is recoue-
red to the Rebels da-
mage.

Sweete meate must
haue sowre sauce.

a lause to stealyng cheare.
Whose heddes are taken vp,
their triumphe to declare.
And moze to make their doyngs knowne,
to Dublin thei them beare:
Now if it were a Theef,
whiche had a bloudie hande:
Oz if he were as rancke a knaue,
as liu'th within the lande.
His hedde is poled vp,
vpon the Castle hye:
Behldyng starres, as though he were,
in high Astronomie.
Their bodies lackyng life,
are lefte vnto their frends:
To beare awaie, as to deploze,
their luckleſſe fatall ends.
Thus hedleſſe thei retourne,
from whence thei did proceede:
Receiuyng foz their proude attemptes,
a traitours rightfull meede.
The Frier seyng this,
lamentes that luckleſſe parte:
And curseth to the pitte of hell,
the death mans sturdie harte:
Yet foz to quight them with,
the Frier taketh paine:
Foz all the synnes that ere he did,
remission to obtaine.
And therefoze serues his booke,
the Candell and the Bell:

As a notable Rebell had in his life tyme greater dignitie then many of like profession, so beyng dead, his head receiues a moze stately place of exaltation.

Suche Astronomers God sende vs enough daily.
Now God be thanked hedleſſe Woodkarne are not to bee feared, foztune goeth beionde their expectations, which bryngeth Rebels with all their reuels to shame and dishonour.

The Frier mourneth foz the losse of his poore Woodkarne, he curseth as blacke as pitch their oppressoꝛs.
The kindneſſe of the Frier towardes the Rebelles after their death, by purchasyng their pardons, with booke, bell, and candell, whiche thyng artificially the knaue doth handell.

But thinke you that suche Apishe toies,
bring damned soules from hell,
It longs not to my parte,
infernall thyngs to knowe:
But I beleue till latter daie,
thei rise not from belowe.
Yet hope that Friers giue,
to this rebellyng rout:
If that their soules should chaunce in hell,
to bryng them quicklie out.
Doeth make them lead suche lines
as neither God nor man:
Without reuenge for their desartes
permitte or suffer can.
Thus Friers are the cause,
the Fountaine and the Spring,
Of hurleburles in this lande,
of eche vnhappie thing.
Thei cause them to rebell,
against their (soueraigne quene)
And through rebellion often times
their liues doe vanishe clene.
So as by Friers meanes,
in whom all follie swimme:
The Irishe karne doe often lose,
the life with hedde and limme.
*Yet that auaileth not,
thei so bewitched arre:
The losse of freends cannot disswade,
the reste from mortall warre.
But still thei busie are,

*A notable question whiche demaundes, if pardones frō Rome, maie bryng damned soules from hell.

Friers perswasions cause Rebelles still to perseuer in rebellion, O blinde fooles, to beleeue all that Papisticall Monkishe momes tell you to bee Scripture, when in the ende they seeke your vtter destruction and desolation.

The Friers in Irelande, are chiefest instrumentes of Irishe disturbaunce, they are the onely spurre to pricke them onward to rebell against the Queene, procuryng the meanes of their vtter distruction, beyng the hed welspring of all sinne and wickednesse.

Rebelles bewitched or deluded by sathan, measure not their owne estate by other mens harmes, or calamities, but still marche forwarde in the pursute of sinne, till they come to like ende of destruction.

leage

leage Subiectes to desease:
Their natiue countrie for to spoile,
and Prince to displease.
In pleasyng whom is reste,
and thereof riseth gaine:
As in displeasyng of her grace,
procureth nought but paine.
Thei raise still fearcer warre,
and marche in warlike wise:
Unto the feeld, with swoorde and speare,
whiche *Mars* did first deuise.
Thei bragge to fight it out,
their quarell iuste to trie:
Thei sweare that all the Prince's freends,
through bloudie swoorde shall die.
Thus in their rage thei frette,
and in their moodes doe fume:
Whereof doe rise a sodaine plague,
these traitours to consume.
Our valiaunt *Sidney* Lord,
who gouernes Irishe soile:
Doth poste himself with Marshall knightes
those braggyng beastes to coile.
And Captaines thei doe bowe,
who did the heauens create:
Their hands should strike ỳ warlike stroke,
karnes courage to abate.
The Souldiers doe reioyce,
to see that happie daie:
In whiche Caliuers vantyng foes,
their iuste reward maie paie.

And

As by obaiyng the Prince, there springeth rest, peace, and tranquilitie, so, in displeasing her Grace, groweth trouble, vexation, confusion, and death.

*The Karne goe still on in their malice; growyng from pettie felonie to maine treason.

*They boste of their manhood.

*They bowe, the Englishe hostes destruction.

The successe of reachelesse enterprises.

The celerit ie of Sir Henry Sidney, to encounter with the Rebelles.

The noble stomacke of the Captaines described.

The courage of the Souldiers truely expressed, who had rather then their liues be vpon the Jackets of these filthyng and skippyng Rebelles.

And many Irelande Lords,
beyng faithfull to the Croune:
Protest through force of horse and speare,
those crakyng knaues shall doune.
The pot now ginnes to seeth,
the fire is so greate:
And Smith assaies with mightie sleadge,
the Iron hotte to beate.
The daie appointed is,
the place likewise assignde:
The messenger he trotteth forthe,
to knowe the Rebells minde.
Who makes his backe retourne,
with answere of the foe:
And worde for worde as he did speake,
he doeth relate it soe.

*A commendation of the good subiectes of Irelande, their fidelitie, loyaltie, and seruice to their Prince is described.

The daie of battaile is appointed, if wodkarne will abide it.

In this is manifestly proued how the Lord Deputie attempteth nothyng vnaduisedly, either in rearyng vp of warr or in puttyng it doune, whereby the Irishrie might finde any occasion of rebellion, or cause to rebell, for beyng come into the fielde in hostill araie, yet before he soundeth to the battaile, mercifully allureth them to submitte them selues to the Queenes good Grace, who refusing this offer, fallyng vpon them, sheweth no mercie or compassion, whose eye doeth neither pitie them, nor yet his hande spare them, but like a most seuere warrier, executeth the function and office appertaing to warre.

Agen beholde the thyngs
in figures well requited:
Expoundyng breefly euery point,
that was euen now recited.

3

Now forward marche our hoste,
in battaill raie beset:
Who with couragious hartes goes on,
the Karne to paie their debt.
Against whom comes the Karne,
farre of in warlicke wise:

The marche of the Irishry and their notable braggs beyng farre from their enemies, wherein they discouer openly their courageous dasterly hartes.

With three and three in rankes beset,
to doe some enterprise.
Thei make a goodlie shewe,
till nere thei come at hande:
Thei set themselues moste liuely forthe,
like conquerers of the lande.
But when thei are in reache,
or compasse of the bowe:
Doeth not the vewe of Princes hoste,
Karnes courage ouerthrowe?
Their pride God wot must swage,
where feare doeth plucke it doune:
What Rebell would not stande agaste,
to meete the roiall croune.
Now warlicke raie thei leaue,
and on a heape thei clunge:
Supposyng safer for to bee,
as better foes repunge.
And with a mightie crie,
our hoste thei doe inuade:
But sone repulsed backe againe,
by warriours peartyng blade.
The Trompetts sound me forthe,
the scirmishe to reueale:
And murderyng gunnes their secret grudge
no further maie conceale.
Here bulletts flye abroad,
there dartes againe are sent:
And blowe for blowe in recompence,
to either parte is lent.
The horsemen scoures the coaste:

The stately courage of the Rebelles, is sone put doune, at sight of our Princes hoste.

Feare a suppresser of the sturdiest Rebels harte.

The order of the Irishe warre is plainly set out, who leauyng the order of battaile raye, beyng neare the combat, fall into a cluster therein they suppose their safetie to consiste, makyng a moste terrible noyse of cryyng to terrifie (if it were possible) the whole hoste of Englishe men.

with

with shakyng speares in hande:
And Rebells whiche before did boaste,
now ginne to flye the lande.
Still sounde the trompetts forthe,
eche Souldiers harte to cheare:
And captaines with twoo edged swords,
doe giue the traitours geare.
Here lyes a Rebells hedde,
from shulders taken quight:
And here the Lions tearing pawes
on woodkarnes costard light.
The Griphon here assaies,
to haue his manhoode knowne:
Whose valure hath sufficientlie.
from tyme to tyme been showne.
The Eagle with the reste,
no lesser honour hath:
When as his bill and tallentes bothe,
in Rebells bloud he bath.
And all the lustie youthes,
belongyng to the traine:
To purchase fame by Marshall acts,
their azure vaines doe straine.
Now goe the foes to wracke,
the Karne apace doe sweate:
And bagge Pipe then in steade of Trompe,
doe lulle the backe retreate.
Who eares the Bagpipe now,
the pastyme is to hotte:
Our valiant Captens will not ceasse,
till that the feeld be gotte.

Flamyng Woodkarne doe styll giue backe.

Vnder theis seuerall tytles, the valure of all our English Captaines are expressed.

O Souldiers of renowne shielde you from mischaunce, whiche doe in spight of Irishe karne, your Countries prayse aduaunce.

Woodkarne must needes sweate, for their labour is great.

*The piper seyng the Karne to haue the worste ende of the staffe, doe lull the Irishe retreate.

Commendations worthie of right to be long to our Englishe Captaines, who ne-

uer shrinketh, but with greate valure and manhood tarieth the finall ende of the battaile.

But still thei forward pearse,
vpon the glibbed route:
And with their weapons meete for warre,
these vauntyng foes thei cloute.
Loe yet behold a Knight,
our Princes proued frende:
In armour readie for to fight,
the quarell so to ende.

No daunger ought to be eschewed, nor labour refused, in the defendyng our prince and Countries cause.

This seekes by warlicke meanes,
his credite to augment:
And for his Prince and countries sake,
his Pistoll forthe is sent.

The gelousie of a Prince deuoureth like the flames of fire.

Which doeth relate the cause,
of her exceadyng Ire.
As how her iuste conceiued wrath,
surpasse the flames of fire.
That maie not be extincte,
(signes verifie the same:)

The anger of a prince ceaseth not til he hath brought his purpose to perfection.

Till cuttyng swoorde and pearcyng speare,
Rebellyng foes doe tame.
Here lyes a breechlesse Knaue,
smote iuste from coursers backe:
Thus through the souldiers doubtie harts,
the Woodkarne goe to wracke:

The Irishe Karnes hartes now more and more doe faint.

Now faint the ouglie beastes,
for Lyon plagues them soe:
As thei are like to Bedlem folke,
that wote not what to doe.

Irishe Woodkarne had rather flie then fight, and good reason they haue so to do, for who would take blowes if he can shun them.

To flye thei dare assaie,
for so thei thinke it beste:
As for to stande to fight it out,

their

their soules doe it detest.
Their hartes are molified,
with feare thei are oppzest:
And now thei waile ỹ thing which wzought them this vnquiet rest.
But will repentaunce serue?
I put herein a case:
Or maie it satisfie the wzong,
doen to her (noble grace?)
When Lyon once is stirde,
he by and by doeth rage:
And twill be long who knowes it not,
before his anger swage.
And when he once beginnes,
to shewe his Wzincly forze:
He stintes not till he tournth his foes,
into a breathlesse corse.
Euen so the Irishe karne,
whiche doe our Queene prouoke:
Doe throughly feele by *Sidneis* hande,
the waight of Lyons stroke.
For why? he mailes them doune,
he strikes them in the chase:
When gentlenesse preuaileth not,
then rigour taketh place.
And rigour beyng showne,
the terrour of the same:
Perforce doeth make them celebrate,
her thrice (renowmed name.)
But then it is too late,
for Justice commeth in:

Warke Traitors in the midst of battaile is no place to repent.

*A notable question that demaundes, if the repentaunce of a vile caitife, and rebellious Wodkarne, maie satisfie the Iniuries committed against our Queene.

A similitude of the Lyon.

The Wzinces pleasure put in execution by Sir Henry Sidney.

Rygour is meetest where clemencie auaileth not.

That whiche is doen by compulsion, is no godamattis.

Justice and fortitude preuides Rebels their hire.

With Fortitude that (worthie wight,)
to contribute their sinne.
Thei prosecute the chase,
pursuyng faste the foe:
And with their weapons fraude to warre,
the Karne thei ouerthrowe.
Here lieth a packe of Karne,
distracte of limme and life:
Here headlesse knaues abide the bront,
of warriours mortall knife.
The Karne receiue the foile,
beyng ouercome by might:
And for the sauyng of their liues,
eche one doeth take his flight.
The Bagpipe cease to plaie,
the Piper lyes on grounde:
And here a sorte of glibbed theeues,
deuoide of life are founde.
Now flye whose lucke is beste,
the luckiesse man let staie:
And now bewaile thou Irishe Karne,
thy hapiesse happe I saie.
Lament thy woefull state,
deplore thy fatall chaunce:
And warefull bee against (our Queene,)
how ye your selues aduaunce.
Yea good aduicement take,
before you doe prouoke:
The Lyon for no mortall wighte,
his purpose maie reuoke.
For as he is the Prince,

and

The Souldiers wrecke their anger and displeasure vpon the poore Irish karne without all pitie.
O harde harted men that takes pitie of none.

Woodkarne abides the brunt of fortune.

Irishe Karne fight with their heeles with greater courage, then with their handes.
The piper and his bagpipe laide bothe flatte on the grounde.

*The Woodkarnes legges must helpe them when handes will not serue them.

Very good counsell giuen to the remnant of Woodkarne, warnyng them how they doe attempe any thing prejudicall to the honour of the Crowne.

As the Lyon is feared, and reuerenced of all the beastes in the Forrest, so ought a King to be feared and loued of his Sub-

and kyng of eurie beaſte:
So would he haue obedience ſhowne,
from moſte vnto the leaſte.
Els if you ſhould repunge,
againſt his noble minde:
you might expecte at hands of his,
nought els but death to finde.
Let this a leſſon bee,
to this Rebellyng route:
To Wacke, and O. to Rorie Ogge,
to all the Traitours ſtoute.
Let Brians fall ſuffice,
let Wolfe and Fore beware:
How with the noble Lyon thei,
the gotten praie doe ſhare.
Still ſounde the trompetts forthe,
the foe to terrifie:
And Souldiers with courageous harts,
vpon the karne doe flye.
The karne apace doe fall,
like leaues through blaſtryng winde:
And maie nowhit vnloſe the corde,
that thei them ſelues did binde.
Bohowe now crie the knaues,
and lullalowe the karne:
And Engliſhe youthes a cauate ſende,
rebellyng foes to warne.
Here parte doe take the Bogges,
and ſome the woods retaine:
And other beyng hedleſſe made,
like witleſſe Geeſe remaine.

ieuers within his Realme.

The reward of Rebellion is death.

A cauiat for Woodkarne.

Good reaſon that the Aſſes calamity ſhould make the Fore to be ware.

The corde that rebellion did binde, maie not be louſed by any meanes, but by the ingen of death.

*The Iriſhe Karnes crie.

The remnaunt of the vnſlaine Wodkarne, doe parte take the Bogges, and other ſome the Wood.

Thus

Irishe coltes are tamed by the snaffle of warre.

Thus vauntyng foes are tamde,
by glues of warlicke youthes:
Receiuyng strokes in steede of meedes,
for their inconstaunt truthes.

Englishe men returne Conquerers

The victours doe retourne,
thei haue their hartes delight:
For Woodkarne thei are knocked doune,
the reste are put to flight.
Untruste remaineth not one,
whiche maie the least anoye:
For windes are stilde by mightie *Ioue*,
O cause of endlesse ioye.

Sir Henry Sidney is worthely renowmd for prudence and magnanimitie.

Sir Henry is renowmde,
with fame vnto the Skie:
And is receiu'de to Dublin toune,
praisde for his cheualrie.

Peace commeth of warre.

Thus peace ensewes by warre,
the ende of warre is peace.

A Godly praier that Irelande ought to vse.

God graunt the warres of Irishe soile,
by *Sidneys* meanes maie ceasse.
Loe Lordyngs here the draught,
of that whiche went before:
And lande discride, the wished tide,
hath brought my Shippe to shore.

FINIS.

AFter that I had finiſhed the firſt and ſeconde parte of the Image of Irelande, and had there ſomewhat diſcloſed the nature and qualitie of the wantone Iriſhe wilde Woodkarne, I thought it expedient for the volumes augmentation, as more ampler by examples to proue the thinges therein cõtained, to put next in ſequence, the pictors and protractours of the moſte notableſt Rebelles in Irelande, (who as they are many) ſo doe thei aske ſondrie opperations, if of eache ſeuerall one I ſhould make relation. (And againe) muſing in my mynde with whom I might encounter, as beſt beginne withall, hauing ſondrie choyſe to choſe vpon, I ſuppoſed it a thing neceſſarie, and at this inſtant fitteſt to ſerue my turne, to laie the foundation of my attempt, & ſure ſubſtanciall corner ſtone, vpon Rory Ogge our next neighbour, at this preſent (a liuely Image & patterne of rebellion) who after many pagentes of treaſons plaid, and notable offers of grace refuſed, beyng brought into greate miſerie (by Sir Henry Sidney the Lorde Deputies daily inſtigation) and ſeyng hym ſelf vtterly forſaken bothe of God

and man, at last moued through a desperate and condemned conscience, confessing his folly, manifesteth to the whole world, his croked nature, complaineth of his fatall destenie (and finally) as it were through a certaine coniecture, fore telleth of thynges that shortly shall happen hym. VVherefore behold in plaine protractour, a grose and corpulent man, lapped in a mantel ouerwhelmed with miserie, beyng in a VVood (an ill fauored Churle) standyng on a Hillocke enclosed with a shaking Bogge (his onely refuge in the tyme of trouble) vtteryng moste lamentably, with bryniſhe salte woluiſhe teares, his life as ensweth.

FINIS.

I *Rorie Ogge*, inhabitaunt of *Leasse*,
A rebell false, against my (soueraine quene)
I loue debate, expellyng godlie peace,
I lead my life, in Boggs and thickets greene,
What mortall wight, my cõpere then hath seene,
Whiche of ỳ lorde nor prince doeth stand in awe,
Nor passe not for, the rigour of the Lawe.

Rorie Ogg sheweth here the Countie wherein he dwelleth, and his naturall inclination, whereunto he is addicted.

My harte is bent, to eurie kinde of ill,
Whose outward deedes, doe well relate thesame
I loue the thyng, supporter of my will,
I spoile and burne, thereby t'encrease my fame,
Thus by suche actes, I gotten haue a name.
Euen traitour false, that neuer shall decaie,
Nor bee extinct, by any kinde of waie.

Marke where vnto this Rebelles harte is bent, (that is to saie) to all kind of mischiefe, sinne and wickednesse.

I vilaine vile, and craftie as the Foxe,
*Yea like the Wolfe, whiche doeth extortion vse,
I falser am, then theef that pickes the lockes,
In deuilishe sorte, my self I so abuse:
(My noble Queene) for theef I doe refuse,
Whose roiall name, doeth mounte vnto the skie,
And eurie where, is in auctoritie.

*Rorie in accusing hym self, is not to be iudged of other, for here he showeth that he is as craftie as a Foxe, an extortioner like the Wolfe, falser then a theef, and a traiter to the Queene, in whiche I beleue hym, though he neuer swore for the matter.

What maie displease, her princly roiall grace,
(I like a theef) doe put the same in vre,
Her highnesse Lawes, I daicly doe deface,

Rory Ogge going forwarde in the setting out of his disposition telleth that he doeth all this

And through ỹ same, her heauie wrath procure:
Thus Sathan he, my sences doeth allure,
Who makes them thrall, to serue his appetite,
So that in nought, but synne I doe delight.

She would me good, if I would loyall bee,
But my ill happe, and crewell Destinie,
In parte or whole, that thyng forbiddeth me,
Till Ize constrainde, through *Sidneis* policie:
Her mightie hande, perforce to testifie,
Prostratyng me, before her fearfull Lawe,
Though of the same, I stoode not erst in awe.

*And forste perforce, God knowes what doth re=
But cruel plages, for my desartes are iust, (main
Suche is the meede, whiche euric Rebell gaine,
That doeth pursue, the chase of ragyng luste:
O careleste karne, O Rebell false to truste,
*O Rozie Ogge, thrice cursed maie I be,
Who mou'de to wrath, the queens high maiestie

Wo *maie I be, for mouyng her to Ire,
The M. woes, through which my soule possesse
In eche respect, surpasse the flames of fire,
I languishe still, but hopeleste of redresse:
My wicked life, I needes must now confesse,
Through which I feele, euē liue ỹ pāges of hell,
That neither penne, nor tongue of man can tell.

kind of mischefe of set purpose against ỹ queene, who notwithstandyng, laieth all the blame and falte vpon the Deuill.

* In this he manifesteth the great goodnesse of the Queene, whose mercie is daily extended towardes those whiche are willyng to yeelde to the obseruation of her statutes and lawes, but he in no wise maie yeeld therto, till by compulsion he bee constrained.

* Rozy Ogg beyng compelde to acknowledge ỹ great authority of the Prince, is therfore worthie of small godamercie.

*Where Rozie bid the three curses light vpon him, I wish hym for euery one twentie (sauyng my chartrie.)

*I good note for Rebelles,

Marke the effecte of rebellion, and wherevnto it driueth this wretched Roge, euen to the brincke of desperation, who as he saieth beyng yet aliue, feeleth moste apparantly the tormentes of hell, and here it is proued true, that a mans owne conscience is better then a thousande witnesses.

I am expelde, from crewe of honeſt men,
None but my mates, me traitour maie abide,
As for the good, thei hunte me now and then,
From wooddes to Boggs, beſet on curie ſide:
And where that I, ſo euer am eſpide,
There waight is laied, to catche my ſilie ſoule,
And with the axe, to ſhorte me by the poule.

There be two ſortes of people on earth, knaues and honeſt men, whereon I gather that Rorie Ogge being baniſhed the companie of honeſt men, muſt be entertained of his like equall companiõs, (who as him ſelf ſaith) is daily purſued of the good in moſte wofull ſorte.

Whiche thyng to taſte, I well deſerued haue,
*Since freedome once, was offerde vnto me,
Vaine is the gift, that's profferde to a knaue,
Who nought eſtemes, his Princes clemencie:
O Rebell cauſe, of all thy miſerie,
Which mighteſt haue had, remiſſion of thy ſinne,
What, greater gaine, ſuppoſedſt thou to winne.

*Rorie is here a very penitent perſone, whiche cõfeſſeth his like to haue deſerued death, which refuſed the princes pardone once offered hym.

O happleſſe wight, refuſyng Princes grace,
*O diſmalle daie, wherein I it denide,
O peruerſe harte, that couldſte not it imbrace,
But like a theef, ſuche courteſie denide:
O brutiſhe beaſt, who doeth not now deride,
The vauntyng harte, aſſpiryng ouer hye,
Whoſe haughtie thoughts, did match ỹ rouling (ſkye.

*Here Rorie Ogge taketh on with himſelf for refuſing the pardone, & acknowledgeth hym ſelf an aſſe, and a beaſt in denyng the ſame.

But true it is, that Fatall letters ſaie,
Who takes no tyme, when as the ſame is lent,
And holde it faſte, hym ſelf thereby to ſtaie,
Whom if it paſſe, the crooked waie it went:
He maie not finde, the Tauerne, Houſe or tent,
Though them to ſeeke, he ſpendeth daie & night,
And all becauſe, he helde not when he might.

Rorie calleth to memorie the ſaieng that is written, tyme beyng once paſt, is not eaſely caid back, whereby we are learned to take the tyme preſent whilſt it is offered.

He verifieth and approueth the aboue saiyng by hym self, whiche retentyng grace beyng offered, now seeketh after it, but maie not haue it, though with weeping he doth request it.

Euen so alas, when noble *Sidney* he,
My pardon sent, for faltes I did comit,
Though there I saw, eche crime forgiuen to be,
I not contente, with chat his pardon yet:
Let passe the same, as gilte for me vnfit,
Whiche to reuert, now lyes not in my might,
For God z time, haue wrought me this dispight

*Rozie Ogge sheweth forpardone, but maie not obtaine it, for Princes by Rebels will not be deluded.

Now do I seke, though sekyng nought preuaile
Faine would I finde, the fauour of my Prince,
But craft serues not, that stately forte to scaile,
For weil she knowes, my subtill hartes pretence
Who hath a tyme, the same to recompence,
As semeth good, vnto her royall grace.
For God and tyme, bid Justice to take place.

*Rozie Ogg seyng hym self enuironed on euery side with enemies, manifesteth his misere, showing not one crafte hole or denne to be free from the knowledge of ꝑ Lord deputie, but that he hath intelligẽce and knowledge of it.

And Justice she, sendes forthe her warlike crew,
With sondrie spies, my haunte for to disclose,
Who connyngly poore Rozies tracte doe vewe,
Relatyng it vnto his mortall foes:
As nought is lefte, wherein he maie repose,
Mõgest ail his dẽnes a bulwarke for his healthy
Nor yet a hole, to shroude his gotten stealth.

*Rozie sheweth how spitefull greedie, the English Captaines and Souldiers are in chasyng and hũting him.

Like greedie haukes, pursuyng faste their praie,
All fullie bent, the same for to deuoure,
And as the Night, the Orientall daie,
Doeth captiue make, by his externall powre:
So time from time, small distaunce frõ an howre,
Pursude I am and brought to suche a baie,
As I expecte, nought but my dismall daie.

Sir

Sir Henry now, who gouernes Irishe soyle,
Hath made an othe, to bryuiate my daies,
Whose stratagemes, haue giuen me suche a foile
As all the lande, soundes out his noble praise:
For he it is, that breaketh doune my staies,
And who but he might Rorie ouerthrowe,
Though *Mars* hymselfe, had sworne my mortal foe.

Rorie acknowledgeth ỹ Lorde Deputies notable wisedome, onely to haue brought hym to this miserie.

Who might haue tane, out of my bloodie hande,
Whom by my sleightes, I captiue made to bee,
That Marshall knight, and captain of a bande,
No second one, (except againe twere he:
In fine twas he, whiche made of bondmen free,
And put to sworde, for my vnstable truthe,
My spoused wife, the garlande of my youth.

He proueth his affirmation by a moste manifest example, whiche was brought at that time to pas

Rorie Oges wife is slaine.

With many mo, my deare and speciall frends,
Whose breathlesse corps, wer giuẽ to flams of fire
Good cause had I, to waile their luckiesse ends,
Though *Ioue* agreed, to yeeld them suche a hire:
O heauie plague, to moue the heauens to Ire,
Through whose outrage, ỹ iust oft suffers pain
To cause the reste, from wicked actes refraine.

*Rories frendes to the nomber of sixtene are slaine in a cabbin, beyng in a Wood of the Englishe men, and after warde the cabbin beyng set on fire, all their bodies are burned also.

And I my selfe, in daunger of my life,
Rounde compaste then, by men of worthie fame,
Sought out to shift, how to escape the knife:
That readie was, my courage for to taine,
Whiche when that I, well pondred had the same
I tooke good harte, it stoode me then vpon,
And leapt me forthe, tyme wilde I should be gõ.

*Rorie Ogg beyng at that tyme in the forsaied cabbin, with those that were killed hardly escapeth, though not without a good knocke of a halbert vpon his collarde.

Now

To leape well is very necessarie sometyme, as appeareth here by Roze Ogge.

Now with that leape, I got me quight awaie
Moste ioyous that, I skaped had the trappe,
My leggs were good, to bow that thing I maie
Whiche set me free, that tide from that misbappe
Not ouer free, for one gaue me a rappe,
Whiche thing I sweare, did pinche me to ẏ hart,
The blowe was greate, & came so ouerthwart.

Roze here showeth that the Englishe men, were very sozy for his escape out of the cabbin, and from their handes.

But scape I did, so muche the moze their greef,
And got me soone, into an other denne,
None fledde with me, but one pooze oncly theef,
As for the reste, thei were saluted then,
That instant tyme, were xvi. of my men,
Put to the swozde, in cabbande where wee laie,
O my ill happe, but happie theirs I saie.

This happines is to be referred to the Englishe men, whose chaunce was to kill those rebellious knaues.

Emongest them all, one auncient aged sire,
Whose counceis I, eche while did well alowe,
Though old he was, yet pearcyng as the fire,
A craftie Fore, as any liueth nowe:
Was murdered then, by chance I wot not how
Whose ore well fall, giuen by the sisters three,
Alas, alas, full soze disquiets me.

Roze Ogge especially doth bewaile the death of one Shane Macke Roze Keagh aboue ẏ rest that were slaine at ẏ tyme.

For whilste he liu'de, my harte possest his lust,
And lust enioyde, what so it could inuent:
But since the poste, whereon my hope did trust,
Receiu'de his dome, by warriours fearce assent,
Like thra. domes slaue, I sithens haue been pēt.
In easelesse holde, not wittyng what to doe,
Oz what were beste, to put my self vnto.

Here he setteth out ẏ cause why he so deploreth his destenie.

My

Roze Ogge being bereaued of his counsellers, is all moste out of his wittes.

My men wer slain, which onely wer my staie,
My wife through whom, I often gat releef,
My frēdes which brought, to Rorie daie by daie
The stolen horse, the Mutton and the Beef,
Which thinges to wāt, who holds it not a greef:
Yea suche a plague, as aucthours tell to me,
That to a man, no greater plague can be.

When Rebels lacke fawterers and helpers, thē fall they to misserie.

Loe first the woe, my soule doeth ouer quell,
Behold ỳ straight, whereto I now am brought,
Marke well the place, where caitife I do dwell,
As eke the knight, this alteration wrought,
Then shall you se, if throughly you haue sought
The perfect waie, that leadeth to the hall:
Where are the plagues, on Rorie Ogge shall fal.

The first steppe to Rories miserie.

For *Sidney* now, that thrice (renowmed knight,)
T'augment the fame, and seruice of his (queene)
Stands out in feeld, by sworde to trie her right:
(Whose valiant hart, like to the Laurell greene,
For courage stoute, and prudence mixt betweene,
Is had in Prize) renowmed for the fame,
Through Irishe soile, ỳ trompe of happie fame

The Lord Deputie is in armour against Rorie Ogge, whose fame is spread vniuersaly throughout the Realme of Irelande.

He sondrie waies, doeth aggrauate my smart,
He he I saie, hath wrought me sore anoye,
His wisedomes skill, hath dauted sore my hart:
And my attemptes, doeth vtterly, destroye,
He daie from daie, his actions doeth imploye,
False Ories daies, to bringe to speede:
Because that he, so vile a life doe leede.

Sir Henry Sidney encreaseth Rorie Oges misserie, and worketh his subuersion by his notable industrie.

His Marshall knightes, & expert men of warre,
By hym are sent, to put the same in vre,
Who me of all, my freedome doe debarre:
Whereby I maie, not long their force endure,
But force no force, since I did so procure.
Bothe heauen and yearth, to be my mortall foe:
If in their rage, they Rorie ouerthrowe.

Beholde a Starre, apparant in the Weste,
*Whose fierie streames, I finde by learned skill,
Betokeneth peace, tranquilitie, and reste,
When H Ys & Es, to serue false Rories will,
Debarde shalbe, for therefore come the ill.
Or if that H. had seru'de his Queene a right,
Long sithens R. had been extirped quight.

*When H. doth well, to deale with double hande
Els from his kinde, he should degenerate.
But if that S. his sleight did vnderstande,
H. should be turnde, augmenter of debate,
In little space, vnto a vilev state,
*Though yet not spide, he goeth vnsuspected:
Whiche is the bothe, wherewith R. is infected.

*Like as that house, whereon hym self to staie,
Hath sondrie postes, by workmen fastned sure,
With eurie puffe, maie not be blowne awaie:
So long as thei in linked state endure,
Euen so my self, I doo you all assure,
Shall scarce betrapt vv fortunes fatall chaūce
Whilst frendes vv aide, my mischeef do aduaūce.

But

Souldiers are sent out to put in practise, the Lord Deputies purpose.

Rorie plaieth the Astronomer this starre was sene from Dublin south west, by whiche blasyng starre, Rorie Oge coniectures his speedy fall, whiche accordyngly happned. By these ens and cees, are ment the Moores and Comores Couries cheefe frendes.

*This H. doeth signifie, how Macke Shane whiche is Rorie Oges father in lawe.

This is a true and good confession of Rorie Oge, vttered in his extremitie.

Rorie Oge is in his similitudes vp to the harde eares, prouyng with manifest arguments, vnlesse he had been bolstered vp by his saide father in lawe and his frendes, it had been vnpossible that he should haue continued so long vnexecuted or taken.

But postes remou'de, the house sone hath a fall,
And buildyng goeth, with violence to wracke,
No parte maie stande, the rofe nor yet the wall:
When as the same, his vnderstaies doeth lacke,
Euen so my self, nowhit could holde out tacke,
Excepte that I had vnderpropped been:
By hym or them, that seme frends to the queene.

Marke here Rories reasone, whiche speaketh by experience.

Whiche if thei were, frō Rorie once remou'de,
Who would misdoubt, ỹ peace that should ensue
This by his like, the wise hath often prou'de:
As now by me, it maie bee holden true,
If that the cause, whereon the Phistoll grewe,
Had first been tane, from patient cleane awaie:
No Phistoll then had sprouted there I saie.

Gods blessyng haste thou good Rorie for speakyng the truthe.

Rorie Ogge taketh vpon hym here, to haue skill in Phisick.

But as a part, is slide through fatall chaunce,
Or by the sleight, of *Sidneys* prudent skill,
So in good tyme, the rest shall trace that daunce:
Whiche hetherto, haue seru'de my wicked will,
And since that thei, haue nourst me in myne ill.
Thei shall receiue, with me for their reward:
A guerdon due, long since of *Ioue* prepard.

As the Lorde Deputie abbridged the dates of some of Rorie Oges fosterers in this his visitation, so he prophesieth of the ende of the rest of his said frendes together with hym self.

That tyme drawes nye, and howre is at hande,
In whiche the cept, of my rebellyng race,
Shall be extirpt, and bolisht cleane the lande:
(For God hym self, doe sitte in iudgement place)
To Iudge I saie, with Iustice now the case.
Whiche tyme from tyme, hath euer been defard:
So that the right, at no tyme could bee heard.

*Rorie seeth by some secrete waie that his prophersie is at hande, ready to be performed, and so muche the more he is certaine of it, because he doeth see Sir Henry Sidney bent wholy to his destruction.

Rorie Ogge tu-
keth this sithe
to be the sworde
of Justice, which
the Lord Depu-
tie hath plucked
out of the sheath
onely to do exe-
cution vpon all
transgressors.

Lo lo I see, in Powers crewell hande,
A fearfull Sithe, whiche doeth prognosticate,
Both here & there, throughout this Irishe lande
That growth of things, are at their ripned state
Whiche must be cropt, by Sithe of dismall fate.
For God and tyme, hath sworne by sacred othe:
That Reede & hulke, shall suffer penance bothe.

It is at hande, for feelds declare the same,
The date is out, and tyme appointed spent,
And reapman now, the banter to reclame:
In Irefull rage, from mightie *Ione* is sent,
The Harolde of
death is sent to
Rorie Oge, cer-
tainly to make
manifest, his
ruine and fall.
Whose message thus, vnto me doeth present.
Affirmyng R. to come to desolation:
And his supporters, to suffer like destruction.

The peace is
discribed that
shall be after
the death of Ro-
rie Oge.
Then men shall walke, vpon the mositaines hie,
And feare nowhit, the Tyger, Wolfe, nor Beare
The kids shall slepe, with Leopard quietly:
And yet nowhit, his fearfull vilage feare,
For why? no cause, of trembling shall be there.
When as the thing, whereof thei were afraied:
Shall be by sworde, and crewell conquest laied.

The Lord De-
putie in pro-
curing his purpose
against Rorie
Oge, & through
procurement of
the saide Rories
fall, deserueth e-
uerlasting re-
membraunce,
with all good &
famous men.
The H. & S. through whō this peace doth spring,
For his desartes, shall crouned sitte with Fame,
And ouer that, whiche is a better thyng:
He shall possesse, an euerlasting name,
Emongest the iuste, that well deserue the same.
And though ỳ tyme, shall turue his corps to clay
Yet shall his name, still florishe as the Baye.

Lo

Lo you that liue, and I that soone shall dye,
Beholde I saie, the salerie for synne,
Now let my cause, teache other impes to flye:
From treasons lure, lest stipende like thei winne,
For though tis long, ere Justice cometh in.
Yet when it comes, it paieth once for all:
And suffreth plages, by heapes on plages to fall.

More Oge maketh here his conclusion, and giueth forthe a good exhortatiō to all men, counselyng them to eschewe and flee treasons, and showeth though sinnes be for a while let go vnpunished, yet at length they are recompensed at full.

FINIS.

INteryng into the discourse of Rorie Ogge, at the firste, I was purposely bent, frendly with hym to adioine the liues of many (the open professed enemies of her Maiesties gouerment within this Realme of Irelande) but before I had ended that portion (euen in the middest thereof) I behelde many impedimentes, wonderfull obstacklesse, stoppes, and staies perswadyng the contrarie, whiche beeyng replenished with sufficient matter, grounded vpon reason, wisedome aduised me, to cõsider thereof (least peraduenture) ranging on rashely, I might seeme to prosecute an endlesse worke, making a volume, more greater, then gratefull, and more painfull, then pleasaunt, (whiche thyng doubtlesse) I vtterlie abhorre. Seeyng that praise consistes not, in the quantitie, but rather, in the qualitie & grace of a thing doen. And thus I breuiated my former entent, though in effect, nothing deminishyng that whiche I promised. For in this discourse, you may perfectly

perfectly se, as in a glasse, perceiue, learne, and vnderstande, to what vexations of minde, troubles of bodie, anguishe and wretchednesse in conscience all the rable of Rebels are captiued vnto. Wherfore leauyng theim with their vngracious Patrones, Phisniogniamies, exterwall, and infernall, to thy consideration (gentill Reader:) It came then into my minde, freshely to gather my wittes together, to the settyng forthe of an other maner of thyng, of greater valure then as yet thou hast seen (that is to saie) the commyng in of O Neale to (Sir Henry Sidney our Lorde Deputie of Ireland) at the Newrie, with his submission, the othe that the saied O Neale thē and there made, touchyng his perpetuall fidelitie, and inuiolable continuaunce of his duetifull aledgaunce, to the (quenes Maiestie her royall Croune and dignitie) with sondrie other promisses moe, decently becommyng euery good Subiecte: not barely in woordes to saie, but actually in deedes to accomplishe and performe. Whiche if I had passed ouer in silence, some perhapps would haue blamed me of parcialities, who in this Image so sharply enueighyng, against the wickednesse & rudenesse of woodkarne,

should

should haue emitted suche a presidente of humble submission, wherefore beholde the saied O Neale here making his submission, as before is saied, whō the Lord Deputie in the (Queenes Maiesties) behalf moste noblie acceptеth, renderyng such honour as to his persone appertaineth. The effette whereof hereafter followeth.

If sillie beastes, long pent in drooppyng stale,
Or if the Harte, sore pincht with chillyng cold,
No meruaile ioyes, to see the Sommer sale,
Through whiche the plantes, kept doune in massie
Their fragrãt fetes, a beauties maie vnfold. (hold
Or if the Larcke, when cloudes are paste awaye,
Te deum synges, to see the Sunnie daie.

If beastes whiche haue no vnderstandyng, doe reioyce at winters departyng, and at the commyng in of sommer, (the encreaser of their delightes) much more ought that man, who beyng long without the princes fauour, and kept in disgrace, be trebble ioyous, (receiued at length to mercie and fauour)

Why should not man, the highest firmament,
Whose thoughtes did pearce, where *Ione* resplẽdent
Whose outward shape, the same doth represent: (sit
As nerte extende, for his forecastyng witte,
To whom alone, he onely doeth committe,
The vastall worlde, with ruledome of the same:
The fishe in Seas, and beastes on lande to tame.

Reioyce I saie, vnbounde from thousande cares,
From greef of minde, with sorowes ouer presse,
From sighing sobbs, far fetcht with trillyng teares
From heapes of cares, clos'de vp in pantyng breste,
From euery thing, that might gainsaie his reste.
And now in place, and steade of suche anoye:
To reape at full, his long expected ioye.

This ioye at full, I meane my Princes grace,

The fauour of the prince is an inestimable treasure to that subiect which hath it, surmounting pleasures and pracebas stones.

The cheefest wealth, that subiectes can require,
A learned iudge, to sole eche doubtfull case:
A readiest Waie, whereby men maie aspire,
To honours seate, from youth whiche all desire.
A perfecte penne, eche one more worth then golde:
And more of price, when Diamonds to be solde.

This setteth out most liuely in sondrie formes and fashions, what a thing the fauor and grace of our Queene is.

A tower of strength, and forte of Fortitude,
A Bulwarke strong, to riue the gates a sonder,
A mightie Sea, that lande from lande exclude:
A doubtie *Mars*, whiche Nations bringeth vnder,
A seconde *Ioue*, that worketh mickle wonder.
A passyng starre, to guide mans Shipp a right:
A pleasant feeld, and gardeine of delight.

The happie estate and condition of good subiects, is without all comparisons.

O who can tell, expressyng eurie parte,
The preedyng ioye, that loyall Subiects winne,
Or who can shewe, the thrice redoundyng smarte:
That reachelesse liues, to rebells bringeth in,
Whiche make things seem, as though thade neuer (bin,
(O peatle of price) to honour Princes Lawes:
Of healthe and wealthe, the sole and onely cause.

In deede, I think if there were any grace at al in hym, whiche is once brought to be a subiecte, he maie not lightly be turned to be a Rebel again.

Who so did taste, once of that Sugred life,
And reape the fruite, that springeth of the same,
Bit wildest Karne, or infaunt child or wife:
Weare fearest foe, by conquest worthie fame,
Weare Wacke, or D. Wacke beside weare by name
I thinke if grace, did them conduct a right:
Theilde no exchange, though change at will thei (might

If

If happe to change, the change for worse parte,
As triall tells, eche where in Irishe soile,
In reachlesse change, things light ouerthwarte:
For though the foe in treasons feilds dam oide,
Yet dreades he soze, eche while to get the foile.
And though for once, he passeth by the trappe:
Yet at the length, in pantell he shall happe.

* Truly the condition of Rebelles in Irelande is very tickish, and their chaunces very hards, as in this parte is discribed.

Yea though their straightes, hard fortune to expell
Are hundred karnes prepardе at all assaies,
Yet eurie Kushe, their haughtie hartes doeth quell:
As whirly winde, their courage soze alaies,
Thus feare them daunt, by 1000. kinde of waies.
Thei feare to see, the shiu'ring of the daie:
Thei feare as faste, when it is paste awaie.

A moste plain and true discription of Rebelles timerosine.

Thus feare eche whyle, enuironth traitors minde,
And cares againe, to shield them from mischance,
Thei are disturbde, at eurie puffe of winde:
The dusked cloudes, which ouer them do glaunce,
Thei saie forebe wes, some sodaine fatall chaunce,
And often tymes, the shaddowe of a tree:
Makes them beleeue, a bande of men to see.

Feare euery while and where, troubleth the Rebell, waking, sleepyng, and at all tymes and seasons.

Suche feare turmoiles, the sturdest of them all,
Suche feare I saie, eche Rebell doeth retaine,
Suche feare I vowe, vpon the beste doeth fall:
Suche feare I sweare, the thefest foe doeth paine,
Suche feare againe, in lofiest harte remaine.
And though suche feares, doeth ouerwhelme their
Yet cease thei not, to plaie disloiall partes. (hartes.

The traiter that thinketh hym self in moste securitie, is often tymes brought into greatest perplexitie, such an horrible thing is treasone.

Rebellion is a very foolish plaie and pastyme, and moste foolish is he, that filleth his hart and stomach with treason as if it were with moste holsome meat

Suche plaie maie well, be counted fooles game,
For none but fooles, therein doe take delight,
Juste was the cause, whereof it helde the name:
As eke a curste, that brought it first to light,
In steade of foode, to glutte mans appetite.
And bande are all, in Citie, Feeld or Towne:
That holde suche plaie, against the royall croune.

Those that liue well, and loue well their Prince, is euery wher counted happie & blessed.

But bleste are thei, that doe refuse the same,
And trebble blest, that loue their Prince a right,
Blest shall he bee, whiche pretermittes that game:
Yea bleste I saie, bothe morning and at night,
Bleste shall he bee, whiche hath his whole delight.
In good attemptes, and furthering Princes cause:
Conducting hym, by tenour of her Lawes.

This is the protestation of O Neale to the Lorde Deputie.

My Princes freende, I vowe my self to bee,
And loyall eke, vnto her noble grace,
A freende to her, a freende likewise to me:
As tyme shall trie, the vtmoste of her case,
And who that seekes, her honour to deface.
I doe protest, by all my force and might:
My blood to gage, but Ile maintaine her right.

This is largely proffered of hym.

In Princes cause, my hande shall strike ỳ stroke,
And who that dare, her Cepter to defame,
As he that will, not yet againe revoke:
By Marshall actes, that persone Ile reclame,
And make hym yeeld, submission to her name.
Yea though he were, a seconde *Mars* I vowe:
Ile make hym stoope, to breake, to bende, or bowe.

Fewe

Fewe Scottes in North (if Quene will haue it so)
Shall there abide, the grounde for to manure,
Except that thei, their homage yeeld her to:
Auowyng eke, their fealtie to endure,
Conioynyng it, with compliments moste sure.
Not one I saie (if Queene will me supporte)
Shall there possesse, one castell toune or forte.

O Neale promiseth to expell al Scots out of the North of Irelande, if the Quenes Maiestie would but giue hym ayde, or if her grace would haue it so.

Since I haue reapte, the thyng I did desire,
And wonne at laste, the fauour of the croune,
My harte is set, as twere in flames of fire:
By seruice iuste, t'augmene her greate renowne,
Whiche shall appeare, by Rebells pluckyng doune.
Withstandyng thē, that shall withstande her right:
In midste of feelde, (I vow'de it to her knight.)

Meanyng Sir Henry Sidney, to whom O Neale made like protestation.

Let them beware, that border nere my holde,
In any case, how thei their liues doe leede,
For with an othe, to vowe I maie be bolde:
If to their cuttes, thei take not better heede,
In harte and minde, I fullie am agreed.
The beste to quell, (that shall molest her grace:)
Dennisyng them, from honour, life, and place.

An admontition to the enhabitantes and borderers neare to the North

But those that leade, a faithfull subiectes life,
I their defence, doe put my self to bee,
Supportyng them, in eurie kinde of strife:
Defendyng them, from cruell tyrannie,
By waie I saie, of noble cheualrie.
And whereas I, maie doe them any good:
For Princes sake, I le hazarde life and blood.

O Neale promiseth not onely to be a scourdge to the euill liuers and disturbers of her Maiesties people, but also a frende and helper of her good subiectes to the vttermost of his powre.

FINIS.

The Auethors exhortation.

Come eche wight, whiche now do haunt the wood,
Submit your selues, vnto your soueraignes lawe,
Come forthe I saie, receiue my countell good:
Let not fonde luste, your sences thence withdrawe,
But of the croune, like subiectes stande in awe.
So shall you finde, suche fauour of the Queene:
As hetherto, the like you haue not seene.

In steade of woodes, then houses you maie vse,
In steade of Boggs, the Cities at your will,
Procede therefore, leste tyme you should abuse:
Now reape the fruite, of pleasure euen your fill.
Let loyall loue, Rebellyng fancies kill.
(In fine) submit, you (to her royall grace:
So mercie shall, areste you, with her Mace.

FINIS.

THE miserable calamitie of Rorie Ogge set out by meanes of the deadly pursute of valiaunt seruitures daily purseuyng him, remained nothyng to the concludyng of my labours, but the finall endyng of his wretched race, which thing I constantly beleued would shortly come to passe, (admirable both to the beholders and seers) for as his life was notorious and passyng knauishe, so could it not otherwise be, but that his death must agree, fallyng out equall in eache condition to his traiterous vsage, for seldome is it seen, that wicked rebelling hath a blessed ending, and as men oftentymes hope not in vaine, so I expectyng, or rather wishing, the cuttyng of (of suche a botchie member (receiued at length, the reward of my expectation, in the fulnesse of the thyng I so long thursted for. (For as God would) it came luckely to passe, (long tyme predestinated by his vnsearchable and secret counsell) este sone, as I had ended with the discription of O Neale, that this cursed caitife, (cursed of gods own mouth)

was

was through the ſworde, by the meanes of the Lorde of Vppoſſery and his ſeruiters (a faithfull ſubiecte of that Realme) bereaued of his life, to the greate tranquilitie of Leaſe, and els where (her Maieſties leage people there inhabityng) accordyng to the true propheſie, in his liuyng ſtory, at large ſet out. VVherfore, and for as muche, as I ſuppoſe your deſire is, to heare ſome diſcourſe conſernyng his death, as you heard before touchyng his life, ſuppoſe that you ſee a monſtrous Deuill, a trunckeleſſe head, and a bedleſſe bodie liuyng, the one hid in ſome miskin & donghill, but the other exalted, yea mounted vppon a poule (a proper ſight God wot to be holde (vanting it ſelf on the higheſt toppe of the Caſtell of Dublin, vtteryng in plaine Iriſhe the thynges that enſewe.

FINIS.

VVHilste feare ioynde wᵗ hope, liege people retaine,
I feare to offende, the Prince or her lawe,
And hope for desartes, suche goodnesse to gaine:
As shall be imposde, to the line they drawe,
Whilste one vprightly, twixt these standes in awe.
He dreades no turbulent stormes that maie chaūce
For tyme trieth falshood, the trothe to aduaunce.

In this part Rorie Oge showeth the state of that man to be sure, so long as he keepeth hym selfe dutifull to his Prince and Countrie.

But feare expulsed, clene out of the mynde,
Not waiyng Justice, detectour of sinne:
And hope of correction, which subiectes doth binde,
Their liues for to leade, the statutes within,
Are lightly extende, when rancour beginne,
To plaie her pagent, as wily she can:
She spoyleth wholy, the nature of man.

That man whiche casteth of feare falleth into many mischefes.

Procuryng enuie, grudge, strife, and debate,
Anger, and malice, bothe fit for the turne,
Dissimulation, a principall mate:
That other vices, doeth neately adorne,
Holdyng them smouldryng, and neuer to burne,
Till tyme descries it, detectyng the treason:
Whiche then is maintainde, by colour of reason.

He that hath wicked rancour in his breast, hath with it also a greate nomber of euill vices. Tyme is a detectour of treasone.

Alledgyng reason, suche folly to couer,
Though treason not reason, is chefest pretence,
Thus whilste in malice, the Rebell doeth houer:

Treason espied, is excused by reasone.

Railing a powre, to be his defence,
To subiectes disquiet, the Realme and the Prince,
Good God what reason, iste then to defende,
The thyng that treason, is founde in the ende.

That traiter which is wilfully gyuen to plaie the Rebell, hath neuer regard to the cause be it good or bad, for whiche he riseth.

But man addicted, to fancie and will,
Forced by Sathan, to followe his luste,
Regardes not the cause, be it good or ill:
For whiche in hazarde, his life he doeth thruste,
He passe not a myte, b'it iust, or iniust:
For as the Booke leades hym, so forward he must:
Not ceasing till bayarde, laith hym in the dust.

A Rebell doeth not remember what is the ende of his treasons.

He nought forcasteth, enflamed with yre,
At last what guerdon, false treason awarde,
Nor yet discerneth, through passyng desire:
What plagues for traitours, ỹ law hath prepard,
But ronnyng forwarde, not hauing regarde,
To thinges before hym, or after ensewe:
He sone possesse, what for treasone is dewe.

Though fortune doeth fauer the traitour for a while, yet at last she leaueth hym in the byers.

Although for a tyme, dame fortune doeth smile,
Fauryng moste frendly, the thyng set abroche,
Whose craftie suggestions, compact in a wile,
At last brynges the Rebell, to shame and reproche,
Deludyng his ralbnesse, that darde to encroche,
So muche on fortune, abusing her wheele:
That leaste puffe of winde, doeth make for to reele.

What here is spoken, a thousande haue tride,
Who maie be triall, the truth will declare,

The

The course of fortune, thei likewise haue spide,
As how she seketh, but people to snare:
To snarle and intangle, with sorowe and care,
And they thus hampred, from them to flie,
Suffryng those captiues, in fetters to lie.

If any hap founde fortune very deceiptfull.

Yet she forsakes not, still men in their neede,
But sometyme faureth, their hardlesse distresse,
As who that listeth, in stories to reede,
Shall see how frendly, she seekes their release,
Though for no true loue, yet more to encrease,
The plague of vengeaunce, that after ensewe,
(A stipende iustly, to traitours bryng dewe)

To augmente the miserie of man, fortune doeth some tyme seeme frendly, riddyng him out of one small trouble, to bryng hym in to fowle greater, and then bids hym adewe. *Roxie Oge is a sufficient witnesse, to tell of Dame Fortunes variablenes.

These thinges to confirme, I Roxie am he,
Who sometyme mounted, a lofte in the Skie,
And fortune castyng, a fauour to me:
Prouoked me higher, and higher to flie,
Thus like an Eagle, I neastled on hie,
Full little thinkyng, againe to descende:
Or that my glorie, would euer haue ende.

Marke how fortune did fauer Roxie Oge, accordyng to his owne fantyng, who beyng to muche befotted therwith, fell to bitter confusion and shame at last.

In all my actions, moste happie successe,
Dame Fortune, euer alotted to me,
For what I mynded, in harte to suppresse:
The same accomplisht, she caused to bee,
Thus will and fortune, did euer agree,
Whiche thing espied, puft vp with aspiraunce:
I stoode with Sir Henrie, alas at defiaunce.

Muche like a champion, addicted to warre,

Tyme seruyng fitly, to anger my foes,
I commaunde a nomber, of neighbours from farre:
Twice eightie persones, the beste I could chose,
For manhood, and sleightes, in whom to repose,
I might in saftie, my life and my lande: (stande.
No dastardes nor shrincklinges, but those ỹ would

Rozie Oge gathereth eight score men to maintaine his knauerie.

With these I marched, from place vnto place,
With these I troubled bothe Village and Toune,
With these in one night, I fired the *Nace:*
With these my *Recisters*, I spoyde of renoune,
With these I made many a Castell come doune,
With these I yeelded, augmentyng my fame:
The people to sworde, and houses to flame.

Rozie Oge troubleth both Toune and Countrey with his Karne, and setteth more then a hundred houses on fire in one night.

With these I wasted, the Countie of *Leasse*,
The places likewise, that bordred it nye,
I made from tillage, the Farmors to cease:
I made them gladly, awaie for to flye,
Inuityng them nightly, with a freshe supplye,
Giuyng my woodkarne, their states to maintaine
The fruite that growed, of other mens paine.

Rozie Oge maketh the Farmers of Leasse to giue ouer their plowing, by reasone of his daily robbing and burning.

But God detestyng, this horrible life,
Might not of Justice, permit me furder,
To rage in suche furie, delightyng in strife:
Contemnyng vertue, addicted to murder,
His Justice, and Judgment, mertyng together,
For my demenure, since wilfull I swarued:
Awarded me death, long sithence deserued.

The iust Iustice of God permitteth not Rozie Oge to rage still on in his furie, but calyng hym to accompt yeildeth hym his duetie.

And

And here I lye groulyng, poore wretch on ỹ groũd
Spoylde of the Jewell, I cheefly loued,
Thus God of Justice, doeth traitours confounde:
When from their sinnes, thaile not be remoued,
With shame and confusion, I now am reproued,
My hed from the bodie, parted in twaine:
Is set on the Castell, a signe to remaine.

Roxie Oges hed is sett vpon the top of the Castel of Dublin, for a spectakle to all the whole lande.

All men that heare this, take warnyng by me,
Least that ye fall, in like predicament,
The arte of treason, see likewise ye flee:
Wisely forecastyng, whereto ye consent,
Against the Croune royall, doe nothyng attempt,
For if against it, ye falyng at odde:
Doe feele as I felt, the strength of the rodde.

Roxie Oge maketh here his conclusiõ and giueth wholsome counsel more better then he euer could take, how they attempt any thyng that might be prejudiciall to the prince, for feare of like distruction.

FINIS.